FROM A NEW GARDEN

OTHER BOOKS BY

MRS. FRANCIS KING

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The Gardener's Colour Book

"Oh gallant flowering May"

FROM A NEW GARDEN

MRS. FRANCIS KING

Introduction by A. P. Saunders

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NEW YORK

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Warm acknowledgment is made here to the editors of the periodicals named below, who have kindly allowed the use in this book of various contributions to their magazines: Country Life, McCall's Magazine, House and Garden, The Spur, *and* Good Housekeeping.

FOREWORD

Charm in gardens is as uncertain as acoustics in a room. Both are longed for, neither can be harnessed; therefore the capture is all the more precious. Charm in a garden is an intangible subtle attraction and it comes usually from a certain individuality in planning and planting, a departure from the secondary principles of garden-making, a freedom of thought and action on the part of the owner which releases an inviting beauty.

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INTRODUCTION

It would be an impertinence to undertake to introduce Mrs. Francis King to the gardening public of America. No other writer is more widely known and to no other do the lovers of plants in this country turn with a more affectionate admiration. She has made a place for herself in the library of every intelligent person sensitive to beauty in the garden.

I should therefore not have undertaken to write a few prefatory words to the present volume but that it gave me an opportunity to pay a tribute to Mrs. King's gift of delicate observation and her power to portray upon the printed page the charms of colour and form that plants bring to us.

She has done much to enrich our pleasures in beautiful flowers; sometimes by suggesting a combination of one plant with another that sets off the beauty of both; sometimes,—and this is a service no less real—by putting into fitting words some aspect of beauty that she has observed.

INTRODUCTION

When Mrs. King was awarded the George Robert White medal by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in 1921—the most signal horticultural honour that can come to anyone in America—Professor Sargent stated that the medal was given to her in recognition of her service to horticulture by increasing the love of plants and gardens among the women of the United States, by her success as an organizer and manager of their garden clubs, by her public addresses and books, and by the example of her enthusiasm and industry.

I do not know why Professor Sargent should have implied that Mrs. King's influence was restricted to the women. I am sure she has many men among her readers, though I dare say not as many as she should have. Perhaps Professor Sargent was conscious that this country has not yet quite grown up to the point where a love of plants and gardens may be considered as worthy of a one hundred percent American man as is the love of animals and motor cars. If Mrs. King can do something to make gardening a respectable hobby for her fellow countrymen as well as her countrywomen, she will have advanced the cause of civilization not a little.

Of the many important offices Mrs. King has held in garden organizations I need scarcely speak; nor do I propose to name her numerous books by title. I wish merely to spread upon this page a tribute of admiration for a woman who has devoted herself

with untiring persistence to a beautiful cause. She offers herself as an example of the method by which success is won. Having once seen her aim in life and grasped at it, she has never let go.

Not only has she told us how it should be done, but as long as she had her garden at Alma, Michigan, she showed how her ideas worked out when they were put into practice. Now that the well-known garden is no longer hers, she still carries on undaunted. And therefore our admiration goes out to her for what she has done, but even more for the constancy which has been back of the doing of it.

Under new surroundings she still brings her gifts to bear on gardening and on the larger issues of fine living, and with an admirable resolution she continues to put her thoughts and her visions before her public; a public which because of her writings cares, I am sure, somewhat more for the things of the spirit than if her books had not been.

A. P. SAUNDERS

Clinton,
New York

FROM A NEW GARDEN

I

FROM A NEW GARDEN

A few weeks of bright weather and of brighter autumn flowers in Belgium and France during September and October of 1928 were brought to an earlier close than planned originally, and, arriving in New York about a week before the presidential election, I found my way at once to a committee-room to ask what I could do to help my candidate in the short remaining time. "Will you go to Schenectady and speak for eight minutes over the radio?" I was asked. "Certainly"—and I did so; with the astonishing result that I found my house in the country at the same time. For on the train, returning, did I not sit near two women who were busily engaged in talking favourably of my own special candidate; did I not draw near to them, venture into talk with them; and finally, finding that they lived in a region which I had known, and known to be most beautiful, did I not ask if there were any houses or farms for rent or sale not too far from their city? They knew of one, of this particular one, and inquiries begun the next day resulted in my set-

tled presence here on a bitter cold day of May, with buds of maple trees evidently freezing on their boughs. I consider that in the last analysis I owe my sweet and stately little white house to him who is now in a large White House of his and our own.

In November, too, on that still bright morning when I first saw the house, it seemed to me to say: "Come in—I am for you." I am not, I believe, a sentimental person, but the feeling that drew me to this house as we stood looking at its façade, so small and yet so stately, was a strong one. Often I have thought since of that paragraph in Mrs. Clifford's *Miss Fingal:*

She liked best of all the old houses of Cheyne Walk; they put her into an atmosphere where she was recognized and comforted. . . . The houses in which those people had lived had somehow become saturated with their sedate kindness, and gave out messages to those who understood.

And though the first spring weeks in the old-new house were not without a wintry chill, yet the march of spring over the mountain, the greening of the fields, the yellowing of willow, the flushing of maple —all, all have contributed to the delight of settling into an old and charming dwelling built and lived in for a hundred years by fine people.

The house site is a rocky ridge, in reality an edge of land facing north-west. The house has a dramatic

A seat recessed in a planted bank

background of a little mountain of its own. The ground drops away sharply from the rear foundation of the house, drops to a wet meadow, the bottom of a valley; and beyond this is the steep little mountain with its wooded slope. From the main doorway of the house one looks across rolling country to the Adirondacks, some thirty miles away. Little do I know of architecture, but there is about this house a gem-like quality that I feel intensely. Its four-square walls, so perfect in proportion, present so serene a face to the western sun! The main doorway, with its design of carved urns picked out in white, and beaded garlands in black on the soft green of the beam above, suggest a bit of Wedgwood, and the beautiful repeating of the design of this doorway on a smaller scale in the lovely window above it adds greatly to the charm of this front.

Long ago one with an eye to fine planting saw to it that this house should be flanked at one end by a grove of locust and maple trees, and at the other by one single elm—and what an elm! The talk of the country-side! One can see its canopy of leaves a mile across the fields as one drives toward the village—a great tree with at least nine lifted stems, its girth near the ground more than fourteen feet. This miracle among trees, amber with leaf-buds against the spring blue, sets the seal of age upon the quiet manor-house below it and stands to show that good houses and noble trees are companions inevitable.

Once settled in a house, how all the activities of early spring in the country knock at one's door! First the raking, burning, and cleaning up that must be done before the real operation of gardening can be attacked; next, the preparation of the vegetable garden, cutting down the weeds, ploughing, harrowing, and raking. And last of all the planting of seeds and Mary Washington asparagus roots. The vegetable garden here was to be the central idea of the summer's work; fields must be left to hay alone. So seeds were ordered, seed of the new corn Golden Giant, a hundred roots of quick-producing asparagus, onions, beets, string-beans, and others.

An acre of sloping ground with a few old fruit-trees in rows—cherry, pear, plum, apple—first had the weeds and old grass scythed away and then was ploughed and harrowed until it lay ready for sowing. It is a rented property: but, even so, my habit of thought saw a flowery future for a part of this vegetable garden. To the dismay of the fine pair of vegetable-raisers whose care this garden is, I marked out with stakes and string, through the levelest, sunniest part of the whole garden, a ten-foot walk, which was to be in grass. Already I saw rising on either side rows of alternating dwarf pear and apple trees, with broad bands of spring colour below their blossoms—colour of tulip, of crocus, of daffodil, creeping white of arabis, blue of *Veronica gentianoides,* pink of æthionema, all against a rising meadow of emerald,

with fold on fold of hill and mountain beyond. What did it matter, really, whether or no this came true, this planting—I saw it as plainly as though it were there. Such backgrounds as are found here suggest the most lovely details of foreground, and the pleasures of imagination are once more proved and known.

Unluckily a garden spectre arose in the form of quack grass in the land to be given to vegetables. Quack grass—the very name has a sinister sound, and my people call it in short sturdy English, "that ugly root." We were warned of this, for the ground had been idle for several years and the hateful thing had had full chance to spread. (Why does not someone write a book, "The Origin of and Cure of Quack Grass"?) [1] But we are all fighters when it comes to weeds, and, though we had trouble with this grass throughout the summer, still, by careful raking, by pulling out every visible root of the grass from the trench sides as seed was sown, and, above all, by

[1] Dr. A. P. Saunders writes from Hamilton College: "I am sorry to hear that you have quack grass. Our old German professor here, Professor Brandt, told me once that all the names the plant bears—quack grass, couch grass, witch grass, etc.—were derived from the Latin *vivus,* and certainly the fellow who applied that word to quack grass knew what he was talking about. You ask why some one does not write on the Origin and Cure of quack grass. Well, I can tell you its origin. It was invented and scattered over the world by Beelzebub, for this weed is the devil among weeds. And there is a book on the eradication of quack written by P. B. Crane, and issued by the Webb Publishing Company of St. Paul, Minnesota."

constant hoeing and cultivation, we made some headway against it. Three years, I am assured, it takes to get this abomination out of the ground; but if there is anything in Anthony Trollope's old Giles's saying "It's dogged as does it," then we shall succeed eventually.

Not one day had gone before a rumour reached me of wondrous lilacs around an old cellar-hole not a mile away. The woodshed, the simple back part of this house, cried out for these. Six or so of these lilacs in bud were brought and set. A wholesale list of shrubs coming at that moment was not to be taken lightly, and a few mock-oranges and forsythias were ordered and placed where such garnish seemed most needed. Old peonies kept cropping up through thick grass, and, with many thoughts of the hands that had set them there, we carefully transplanted them into a good border. One or two old roses had the same care. An ancient burial vault for the family lay, until lately, in the hill-side near the house, a usual arrangement in earlier days. This vault was removed a few years ago, and I was diverted by a neighbour who said regretfully: "Oh, Mrs. King, what a grand apple cellar that vault would have made!"

For flower-garden there is only an oblong of ground on the ledge of rock overlooking the valley —a bright and sunny bit of land with everything to recommend it except that there is no depth of soil. Toward the angle of the back of the house, however,

the ground is deeper; old peonies flourish there and bleedinghearts, and among these has been sown seed of rarely fine zinnias just come from a friend in Italy; a line of white hardy pinks has been set, and between each two of these a seed or two of a dwarf white annual salvia has been dropped to see what will result. Other seeds, of violet and blue annual larkspur, of alyssum, and of mignonette, are to be sown in the more shaded parts to try to give this place a little colour and bloom. But well I know that what I should do here is to plant verbena, petunia, and little else, since only those plants that can stand heat and rock as subsoil will really flourish in such a situation.

The sweetness of this wide country-side in late May is overwhelming: white orchards in the sloping meadows; boughs of old apple-trees hanging rose-pink along the stone walls against the distant blue of mountains. Everyone is in his or her own garden digging, raking, hoeing, dropping in seed, looking to see whether the peonies, the old rose-bushes, have come well through the winter. I like the idea of neighbours, too, farm neighbours—and mine have already shown much kindness. Not a day had gone before one came bringing a present of potatoes, and soon after came the poetic gift of a comb of honey. Indeed, country life is no exile to one who loves it.

Let us turn now, however, to the general subject of gardens and in particular to the decoration of gardens.

What is it that makes a room inviting? First its proportions if they are good; next its general colour if that is agreeable; and last what is in it in the way of furniture and its arrangement. If a small and comfortable settee has a chair or two near it, and these a lamp, a table, beside them so placed as at once to convey the idea of absolute tranquillity for talk or for reading, see how every visitor makes for that spot. It is the usable that attracts, that is really beautiful too to see.

So in the garden. Not one object of any kind should find place in the small garden without some necessity for its being there. Do not add seats, tables, dials, bird-baths to your garden because they are in other peoples'. Wait until you see that a certain spot calls loudly of itself for a garden seat—until you see a blank space that must be filled with such a piece of garden furniture. Use a sun-dial only as a centre, to emphasize the crossing of walks or the focusing of a simple plan upon one spot. Never buy a bird-bath unless you are really interested in having birds about, not solely as an addition to your garden ornament. If these few ideas are observed, garden accessories will be right of themselves—no mistakes will be made.

I think, as I write, of a charming garden at New Canaan, Connecticut. It is an example of what quiet architectural lines in both house and garden can do to bind the two into one lovely whole. This house sits

tranquilly below its old elms, and the little garden is but a step from the house—seems in fact to flow out from it, to be a part of it. The low hexagonal sundial nestling among its petunias and alyssums seems almost to have grown there. A slim, tall pedestal would have been wrong in this spot; but this low dial, which seems to be rather casual in its place—and yet which was most certainly not set there by chance, but by the intelligence of an artist's eye—is the perfect garden accessory in the perfect place. It seems to focus the colour and form of the lovely house, it brings the house into direct relation to the garden; and when that is done by a garden or anything that it holds, an achievement in beauty has been effected. In such a garden how delightful to sit with a sunny picture like this before one, knowing that all too seldom one may see any garden adjunct like this dial almost repeating the lines of the house to which it belongs, only emphasizing the charm of the flowers among which it stands! And this brings us to garden furniture.

Fortunately the day of rustic seats is over, except in camps, or for houses built of logs, near which nothing else is really right. There the smooth-planed and painted bench is out of place. Roman benches of concrete or of stone look frightfully out of place except where the garden is a most formal one in character, and where the house whose garden it is proclaims this style. Wood, painted wood, is the

simplest and best material to use in the little garden for arbours, benches, tables, and the like; and the whole picture of a small place can be greatly enhanced by the careful placing of well-designed pieces of needed furniture of a colour, not glaring, but softly gay. There are gardens so bright during the summer and spring that benches of a wild green are an affront (and by a wild green I mean a green verging strongly upon either blue or yellow). Soft greys here may be better. And much depends upon the scale of the furniture—a seat of huge proportions in a little garden throws the whole out of scale. The pergola, heavy and without reason, is a fearful gardening offence. The coarsely designed arbour, the too thin trellis-work, these affect the garden badly, and even more the feelings of those who see it who may be sensitive to design. The pretty painted iron settees and chairs, rather French in type, with grape and flower designs, are delightful in the small gay garden. These are to be had from a maker in New England.

As I have said, the placing of seats is governed by the need of them in a given place. In our own garden in Michigan a most amusing and pretty placing of seats was suggested to me by Ellen Shipman, that creator of poetic and beautiful gardens all over this land. We had an ugly grass terrace that burned in summer sun, that never looked anything but ugly and artificial, as stiff grass slopes in small gardens must

do. Mrs. Shipman suggested digging out of the centre of this terrace a space large enough for the recessing of the bench. This opening was lined with brick; then a painted wooden seat was set upon it, a pretty planting of orange day-lily of two kinds, early and late, of funkia, or, as it is now called, hosta, and of myrtle (*Vinca minor*) clothing the sloping edges of each end. Beyond these rather formal arrangements of plants to right and left were forget-me-nots, columbines, pyrethrums, a tiny rock plant, æthionema, which in late May covers the ground with a pink alyssum-like bloom, violas of deep purple, and here and there myrtle again, our loveliest ground cover for Northern gardens, so beautiful is its leaf-form and colour, so interesting its heaping of its small leaves in spots where it is at home. And where is it not?

The arbour or pergola must be touched upon. At the Mountain Lake Club in Florida there is an example of the wooden arbour which I wish all might see. This outlines a square of ground for a garden, filling in on two sides a space made by an angle of a gay and charming house with nine roofs. The arbour itself, as I recall it, is of light strips of wood, used horizontally (except for the supports). Exceedingly simple in design, it seems essential; it carries along the line of the house so as to complete a pattern; it encloses, more by suggestion than in fact, a bit of ground—it is altogether good and satisfying. Of

how many garden adjuncts can that be said? But as we look and learn, as, above all, we think about the gardens that we see and what is in them, we shall come more and more "to garden finely" in this matter of accessories. And mark this: a garden may be laid out in a most enchanting manner; it may be planted superbly; it may be kept to the last point of exquisiteness; but if there is a false note in the wrong or wrongly placed piece of stone, or marble, or wood—if such an object does not actually belong in that garden—all is lost as far as beauty is concerned. The really safe thing is first never to copy, second not to try for effect. Let effect come of itself, as it always will and must if a few simple principles are observed from the very start, if the foundations of design and of good planting are there from the beginning.

But have an arbour if you can—if you have room, if you need a lightly covered way, if you are in a warm climate, if the grape grows freely and yields well. "Oh, what a pleasant thing it is to walk in the green light of the vine-leaves and to breathe the sweet odour of the invisible flowers. The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it; and this being accompanied and followed by enjoyment renders the fragrance so exquisite. Ternissa, it is this, my sweet friend, that made you remember the green light of the vine-leaves and think of the invisible flowers as you would of some blessing from heaven."

And now a word as to sculpture in the garden. In the city garden, which in the nature of things must be architectural, more built than planted, sculpture should, must, be found. For the garden in the grand manner, the garden of space and of elegance, it is more than desirable; it is needed to give point to the plan, to adorn a great garden in an equally great fashion. The beautiful severity of clipped green garden-walls, of long vistas or alleys or recesses of green, or the nearness of, say, a house on classic lines, such things, since the days of Le Nôtre, have cried out for sculptural adornment. In the small garden there may be, there sometimes are, places where a bit of good sculpture is in key—but my impression is that such things are better used in a garden apartment, as one might call it, in a little garden absolutely enclosed by walls or the hedge.

In a certain rose-garden of wonderful charm, also in Connecticut, that state so rich in good gardens, there stands, on a slender base and against a tall tree in an angle of a high hedge of clipped privet, a delightful figure of Dionysus. "The little statue," writes this garden's owner, "represents Dionysus, as in the best period of Greek sculpture, as soft, rather effeminate, thoughtful, wearing a fox-skin and with a goat at his side. He is crowned with grape or ivy and holds in his right hand a cluster of grapes. This little raised statue is probably a hundred years old. In my garden I have found that

I could use small bits of sculpture in appropriate places, never large life-size things."

But much of the sculptor's art is eminently suited to bring beauty into the little garden. As Malvina Hoffman has shown in her own garden in Paris, there is enormous decorative interest in the fine use of Tunisian tile set in cement around a wall-fountain to give rich colour. And one of this great sculptor's works is a panel in low relief, framed by the end of a long vine-covered pergola, the design of peacocks in gold on a green and blue background of tiles. The use of tile in the warmer climates of our country is a thing to rejoice in for our gardens. In a spot with a view in a corner of Montjuich, the park above Barcelona stands a seat of coloured tile from which one looks upon a charming little Moorish-tiled pool with its low jet of water. All is simplicity itself, but how beautiful, how quiet, how easy to compose in this country in places where the cedar flourishes, certain olives, the oleander, and the pine!

But country gardening and town or suburban gardening are all alike in this. They need that indispensable, the garden plan. Who starts to build without a plan? No one today. Yes, in rare instances someone. "What!" cry his neighbours and friends, "doesn't he know that he is losing in time, money, convenience, and attractiveness?" This question may well be put to the gardener who, coming into possession of a bit of land, determines to devote it to making a sitting-

place, a living-place, to devote it to the growing of trees, shrubs, and plants, and proceeds to dig without a plan. (One thinks of that little picture in a book of the great Dr. L. H. Bailey—a lawn dotted over with shrubs in a hit-or-miss fashion, and, underneath, the caption "Poor Little Things.") Before one motion is made with spade or pick, the plan should be in hand. It is only then that the garden's owner can proceed intelligently.

But how to get a plan? There are today ten ways for this where twenty years ago there were but five. The first and the best way in which to get a good garden plan, if money permits, is to consult that benefactor, the good landscape architect. But go only to an accredited one, not to anyone who calls himself so without training, or a very special experience. I have seen sad specimens of young men who call themselves by this fine title, yet who do not speak English. As a rule men without some social background cannot be good men in this profession. It requires a bringing-up in an atmosphere of taste, of an interest in beauty, which men even in landscape architecture sometimes lack; and the client cannot be too careful in choosing the right man or woman to design his garden for him, be it never so small. The landscape architect's other gardens should be seen, his former plans consulted and considered, before you allow him to suggest what you should have.

The next best way in which to get a plan is by

studying the printed page. Books by authorities on garden-planning, files of magazines, some of which have plans of unquestioned value for the little garden, visits to gardens, the good small gardens of others, all these are sources of help. But when all is done that can be done in this way, your plan must and should be an original one. For no two people have the same conditions to meet in the planning of their gardens, and unless your garden fits its situation it will be a failure from the very outset. For example, if you have sloping ground and (with enough money set aside to do what should be done) do not terrace it and get the beauty of variety that comes from skilful terracing, the loveliness of well-laid steps, of walls of brick or stone for holding back the earth and for delicious backgrounds for the planting of shrubs and flowers, you are losing the chances offered you by what you own, and—shall I say it?—you do not deserve a garden.

The long fight between the two English schools of landscape architecture, formal and informal, is practically over; for men have come to see that one house, one type of ground, demands the one, and another the other. All now agree, however, on one fundamental fact: that planting near the house should have a more or less formal or architectural character. After an out-of-door space is well arranged, such as a stone or brick terrace or one of turf, with perhaps some prettily spaced-off squares or ob-

longs beyond this, if the place is of, say, an acre or so, the rest of the ground almost takes care of itself, falls into place. The pity of it that people do not always realize the beauty of what they have, especially in the country! A lovely prospect is blocked, a fine tree is unused by the family either for shade or for its own size and symmetry. Nothing leads to it, nothing marks it out as a glorious object to be gazed at long and often. Perhaps you remember Walter de la Mare's beautiful words of a tree: "Apart from a clump of elms in the distance there was nothing to challenge it for beauty, growth and stature. From its station all but at the foot of the broken-hedged, straggling garden, it rose to heaven, a prodigious spreading ascendant cone, with its long dark green pointed leaves. It stood from first springing branch to apex, a motionless and somnolent fountain of flowers. The tree—in May's showering loveliness, in summer's quiet wonder, in autumn's decline, in naked slumbering wintry grace. And everywhere, lovely and marvellous in all its guises—the tree, the tree—"

Size has little to do with beauty in gardens. The largest garden may be dreary, the smallest filled with charm. Such a garden as this last, one not more than fifteen feet square, I lately saw in the very heart of Paris. At the back of a house on a crowded street, it was surrounded on three sides by walls. Here, however, with rhododendrons, one small tree, and a cluster of blooming orange chrysanthemums in

the centre of the garden, like a jewel in a dark setting, with a tiny iron-railed terrace and two small pale-yellow majolica lions flanking the step from terrace to garden, are beauty, seclusion, and charm inexpressible. What makes this minute garden so astonishingly lovely? First it is the surprise and pleasure of discovering a garden in an unlikely place. Next it is the design of it, the plan. No garden on informal lines could possibly be successful on a bit of ground fifteen feet square. It is because there are here both form and balance and because these are kept rigidly within its little bounds that it is a marvel in gardens, a source of joy to its owner and her friends.

For the little garden the formal plan is the only one. Beautiful squares and oblongs are now in existence, as the small private gardens of our cities testify, and they are first of all architectural. To be a success a garden must primarily partake of the character of what is near or around it. Thus, the city garden, with walls and house-roofs as its background and foreground too, must be an architectural entity, should be a masterpiece of design and proportion. The green to use in such gardens is so limited because of lack of air and sun that only living things known by experience to thrive should be attempted, things such as ivy, rhododendron, and, in New York at least, the faithful and highly decorative tree-of-heaven, the ailanthus.

With the suburban or country garden the problem of relating the garden to the house and to what is near or beyond it remains the same. It is, in fact, becoming an outrage to have an unsuitable garden. It "isn't done." Garden education is so progressing that those not sensitive to such things twenty years ago feel them deeply now. They feel, for instance, the unfitness of a rock garden where rocks are not within easy reach; they "have a misery," as the coloured people call it, on beholding a garden pool too large for its garden or when a heavy-lidded pergola, going nowhere, sits in the midst of a little garden, an elephant out of place.

Be sure of this—that the simplest plan is invariably the best for the small garden. Here is a short description of one such: In this little plan for a place of 75 by 125 feet the living-room, with its outer terrace, and the dining-room are at the rear; the kitchen is at the right-hand front corner, and the garage to the right of the kitchen across a drive. The back line of the garage is on the front line of the kitchen, so that the garage entrance is almost on the street. Behind the garage comes a drying-yard, behind that an oblong space for vegetables, separated from the lawn by a hedge. The lawn itself has a few trees and some well-planned groups of shrubs, with a pool in the shrubbery at the far end from the house. A long, narrow tool-house serves as screen between the farther end of the vegetable plot and a tiny enclosed

flower-garden beyond this. This flower-garden has hedges on two sides—those sides which form the corner of the right-hand farther end of the lot. The tool-house forms one wall for this garden, trellised and hung with roses on the garden side. Certain shrubs of the lawn, with an entrance cut through them, form the green wall towards the lawn. Thus the little flower-garden is secluded, has its own place on this small property; and the whole area is used to the utmost advantage *because it is planned.*

II

TULIPS AND LILACS

What's in a bulb? Form, fragrance, colour, all of spring's delights. A charm not possessed by flowers that come from fibrous roots, a stiff drawing that makes the tulip and the hyacinth particularly perfect for a little formal planting; a grace that fits the blowing daffodil for use in woodland spots—in short, the very sign and symbol of "the grey world's darling, Spring."

"When there is no wind at all," says Clare Sheridan of her garden on the Bosphorus, "I go to the terrace that is on the other side of the house and is raised to the first floor level. An old grey stone balustrade borders it on the sea side. There are big lime-trees and a chestnut-tree upon the terrace. When it was winter, and the sunshine was unfiltered by the leaves of the big trees, I dug a border and planted it full of Darwin tulips. I brought three hundred of them in a brown paper bag from England. How the customs official laughed! The *lallé,* as it is called, is the national flower of Turkey. It is reproduced in the old embroideries and woven in the silks; it is represented on the coloured porcelain tiles that cover the

inner walls of palaces and mosques; it is praised in verse, and the popular name for a girl is Lallé.

"But he begged me for one, the customs official did, and not only for one, but for two. Perhaps he expected they would be of some foreign species. I gave him six and planted two hundred and ninety-four in the border. They bloomed, but only just in time, and towards the end of their flower time they were straining on their long stems toward the light, which is in the direction of the sea. I had forgot. those big leafy trees whose presence in winter seem so insignificant. After the tulips, nothing eve. bloomed again."

This bit of talk from a Turkish garden brings to mind most naturally the species tulip and its countries of origin. But as for that origin, it is not really known. Tulips came to western Europe in 1554, and in one way they have the most exciting history of any garden-flower; for the tulip mania in Holland at the time mentioned above is as dramatic as anything that has ever taken place in horticulture, commercially and equally so from the point of view of collecting.

Years ago in our first garden at Elmhurst, near Chicago, I bought my first tulip-bulbs. Up to that time I had noticed the flowers in the public parks. (Especially noticeable, alas, were the gigantic and senseless plantings of Keizerskroon, the red and yellow tulip, beautiful when properly used, but how worse than dull when set out "in the round" and in

Tulips and forget-me-nots

gardens of other such types!) Still, the actual emotion towards them came when they were showing themselves in our own ground. The first that I remember well were the single earlies, Cottage Maid and Brunhilde; the doubles, Murillo and Count of Leicester. Darwins were not so well known then; they swam into my ken a year or two later, and great was the excitement over them; indeed, great it still is. I remember the use of single arabis with these early tulips of mine; and the thinking that nothing could more truly delight an artist than Cottage Maid above some of this simple arabis. Yes, this still is pretty—but today one wants the subtle, the stirring, in tulip colour, tulip form, and tulip arrangement, with other varieties or with other flowers; and one has it, for the tulip palette has been enormously enlarged, and the end is not yet.

Through Mr. Chester Jay Hunt, of Little Falls, New Jersey, I first heard of many new varieties of this magnificent flower: in fact, I first saw them in flower in his charming borders at Mayfair; and from that time to this—twenty or twenty-five years—I have been watching the tulip, trying new kinds, reading all the news available about them; and, best of all, seeing them in Holland in the spring of 1925.

It was in mid-April of that year that, alone on a little Dutch train, passing beyond Leiden of a fine sunlit morning, I suddenly became aware of drifts of brilliant colour in the fields on either side. I turned

my head this way and that; the colour became more widespread, great sheets of white, yellow, violet, pale and deep rose—early tulips and daffodils spreading out over acres of land beneath a soft spring sky. One month later, taking that road again, the same spread of colour was there, but much deeper and richer now, for the great Darwin and Cottage tribes were then in full flower, and the sight no pen can describe. Every tulip-lover must sooner or later go to Holland in the spring—from the middle of April to the middle of May—take warm things, for the month is a cold one; also get a few letters to some of the great firms who grow tulips as no others in the world can grow them, and see if possible some of the choice and new varieties in the nurseries round Haarlem and other Dutch cities and towns.

But what a range of form and colour in this race! From such a tulip as Kaufmanniana, with its lovely wind-blown look, to the last one to flower, Sprengeri —which sometimes appears in cool climates as late as early June lifting its orange-red flowers where they are not at all welcome (for this is a most persistent tulip and leaves its trace behind in bulblets in any spot from which it has been removed)—there is variety and beauty on every side. As one thinks of Cottage Maid and then of Rosabella, one of the fairly recent beauties of the hybridizers, what a gulf there is between these two pinks; as one considers Brunhilde, the modest cream-white single early, and turns

then to such a flower as Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, what a horticultural leap is there! Of course these flowers are not of the same class; I am taking blooms irrespective of type, thinking now only of extremes in the tulip as well as in tulip periods.

Among the glories of the newer, finer kinds, special favourites of my own among the Cottage tulips are Dido, with its magnificent form, striking in any collection or group of tulips because of its glorious rose colour, with pale-yellow stripings; Ambrosia, a marvel of beauty, amber, rose, and terra-cotta melting into each other in this wondrous cup of colour; John Ruskin, not so new, but beloved for somewhat the same colouring as Ambrosia and seen almost at its best among mounds of blooming *Anchusa myosotidiflora* in May; Rosabella, of which I have already spoken, in its soft rose-pink, its lovely form, a certain shy look which one connects unconsciously with the single early tulips, not with these; Ellen Willmott, the beautiful light yellow; Mount Lowe, a very new one seen in Holland, a huge pink and white tulip of exquisite quality; and one last one, Mrs. Kerrell, of which I first heard from that wonderful collector and gardener the Reverend Joseph Jacob, whose commendation of it was too much for me. I bought and have prized this rose-coloured tulip ever since.

At Haarlem, in the glorious planting of the smaller nurseries there (this time in Van Tubergen's), I was quite fascinated by the rich purple hue of a fine tulip

new to me, Valentin. This was a good foil for those of other colours—I thought of it, too, as excellent as a companion for the forget-me-nots which run riot in our garden each May. Another magnificent tulip seen for the first time in the woods of the great Haarlem flower-show was Imperator Rubrorum, a double beauty, in rather dark scarlet. This we now have growing among masses of the charming polyanthus narcissus Elvira, which seems to suit the tulip to perfection, especially since forget-me-nots forms the foreground of the bright picture. The interest in producing pure white tulips of fine form and substance in Holland now is very great. Among the best thus far are Zwanenburg (Darwin), Carrara (Cottage), Mrs. Hoog, and White Duchess. The last—named by Mr. Jacob—is a tulip raised by Mr. Jan Roes of Heemstede, with the petals slightly waved, the stem twenty-five inches high, and blue filaments which give the flower a transparent look. As for the new Mendel group about which everyone is now on tiptoe, some of the named ones are Amidonette, April Queen, Flaubert, Lilaran, Nerida, Oranje, Salmoran; and Vespe, Copernicus, Bacchus, Mme. Lethierry, and Lucifer among the Breeder tulips are magnificent things; so is Louis XVI. An arrangement of these four or five, if I may repeat what I have said elsewhere, with tulips Monceau and Mayflower behind them, would give spirit to any spring border. And what shall be said of the new Cottage types in

yellows, such as Alaska, of a size unbelievable, of a purity of colour and a fineness of form such as one can hardly imagine? There are so many to name, each one more interesting than the last, that it is impossible to try to show what the triumphs are today in this family of flowers of the spring. But Fantasy must have one word; Fantasy, a sport of Clara Butt, and as freshly rosy as that flower when first it opens —Fantasy is the admiration of all who see it. Its splendid rough-looking bloom, the wild petals twisting about at will as all Parrots do, its strange and beautiful aspect—here is a tulip to prove the brilliant and intriguing change from the tulips of twenty-five years ago to the tulips of today. And with Fantasy should be grown the purple Parrot Sensation, at least when this is within reach; it is now six dollars a bulb. Rembrandts are not nearly enough used; those charming flames and feathers are not seen so often as they should be in our gardens; and Sémèle below a pinkish lilac in full flower, Purity with white pansies below it—some of these arrangements should be tried.

As for arrangements of tulips with other plants, however, volumes should be written on this alone. One glimpse of what is done with them by our greatest gardener, Miss Jekyll, I had at Munstead Wood two years ago. Here in the "Spring Garden" I, alone and in the rain, saw such a picture as only her hand could create. A great drift of spring colour was here, formed for the most part of the single early tulip

White Swan, and tulips Thomas Moore and La Merveille, richly intertwined with a superb purple sage which Miss Jekyll uses to perfection (but which I have never seen growing in this country), "a charming accompaniment to anything of pink or purple colouring," and with which Miss Jekyll often uses tulips Clara Butt and the early pink Rosamund. Here were brown and orange wallflowers and foregrounds of dark heuchera leaves, arabis, and forget-me-not, with aubrietia of pale and deeper purple. Crown imperials stood in their orange glory at the back of this border, and beyond all was a fine shrub in full clear orange bloom, *Berberis Darwini,* a shrub that we cannot grow in our part of the country, but which one covets for its beautiful orange bloom. All was green about this picture when I saw it; that rich ineffable green seen only under the English sky and brightened by the English showers; but there I stood and wondered at the beauty of the right use of the tulip, as often I have wondered at the charm of the descriptions of such uses in the books of this best of all garden writers of our generation.

One other effect of tulips in that former garden may be touched on here. This was a small foot-wide border of spring flowers to the right of a brick walk running from house to street. Partly this mention is worth while because of the unusual persistence of the tulips used, partly because of the nice effect of such a gay band of colour. The tulips are the early ones

Thomas Moore (or Fred Moore) and White Swan, and a few double tulips, Safrano or Brimstone, bloom with the orange-red and white ones, while all these, loosely distributed, rise from a thick carpet of blooming myrtle and flowering wild violets. The colour here is very rich and gay. The flowers may be counted upon to open together and it is recommended as a pretty and simple scheme for the middle of May in the latitude of Boston.

In all the realm of flowers there is really nothing more striking than the modern tulip, and this either alone or in the mass. What a flower with which to paint; with what certainty it comes into bloom, with what success one can count upon its form and hue for a composition of colour in flowers! There are few flowers to compare with it as it stands today; and the fact that in Northern gardens it does supremely well for only two years without lifting seems to make it more precious.

Since the time of the tulip mania in Holland, I doubt whether these flowers have been so much in the public eye as they are at the present time. The excitement was intense then for three years, not only in Holland, but in France, Flanders, and Germany. Now that excitement has spread the world over—not altogether in the way of commercial rivalry, or even in amateur-gardening rivalry, but in the delight in the flower, in the wish on the part of almost everyone to possess it since it has become so thoroughly dis-

tributed. And then the changes in the flower. Even in one's own experience what beauties are known to have developed! Time was when I thought that nothing could surpass the wonders of Clara Butt and the Rev. H. Ewbank in the Darwin tulips. These are still fine flowers, but after one has seen the beauty of the newer lavenders, such as Lilian, and of the newer pinks, like April Queen, among the Mendel tulips, one realizes what changes have taken place, what fresh interest has been added to a flower that seemed perfect before.

Among the stars of tulips today I think of the fine whites which have been evolved, such as Carrara, Zwanenburg, White Duchess, and White Perfection. In the warm light pinks flushed with amber, Ambrosia holds a high place in the minds of those who know it; really it is a tulip of terra-cotta, not pink, but with a certain rosy glow and a yellow light as well. This is a rarely fine flower, tall, fairly large, and extremely good when grown with Faust beside it. Mayflower is a broken tulip of exquisite pale yellows and pinks. Twilight and Valentin are two of the violets, or of deep violet and brownish tones together, that enrich the tulip palette tremendously. I was greatly struck in Holland by the strong deep tone of Valentin in combination with other tulips. Then there is Lord Carnarvon—a flower of great charm, clear pink and yellow and beautiful marked or banded.

Never shall I forget how, at Noordwijk, I was asked to enter a little lath and cheese-cloth house where, in rows of some ten each, there were perhaps a hundred of the newest finest Cottage and Darwin tulips imaginable. Here I sat, my eye on a level with the tall flowers, pencil in hand, and had one hour of perfect and silent happiness. Those who have not seen Mongolia, the magnificent yellow, Mrs. Harold Irving Pratt, old rose, amber, and bronzy yellow (named and well named for her who has done so much to make the Garden Club of America what it is today), and Alaska, the remarkable hybrid of a most unusual tone of yellow, really cannot know of the advance in these things. As I have said before, do not miss Holland in the spring, between mid-April and mid-May, and if you have letters to the great growers there, so much the better. Then rare chances will befall, for seeing such sights as no true gardener should miss—for such comparings, such plannings for one's own borders, as cannot be made elsewhere on this earth.

Mount Everest is one of the huge new Mendel tulips just beginning to be known in this country and originated only a few years ago by the crossing of the Darwin with a single early tulip. The important characteristic of this race is that there can be forcing into bloom very early, in some cases even before Christmas. This, of course, makes it particularly valuable for the florist; but for the private green-

houses also there is good news. There are almost six hundred varieties already of this new strain of tulips, and one Dutch grower is cultivating some of these at Oyster Bay, on Long Island. The Mendels have very stiff stems and are extremely tall, sometimes thirty-four inches. The flowers are large and finely formed and the range of colour is good. Mount Everest, a rosy lavender, is lovely; Berenice is a large white flower, on a tall stem; Hyperion, a bright rose, is said to be the largest tulip ever grown; Mizar is a mauve rose, with a white edge; and Sagittarius is white tinged with rose.

These tulips will come into our gardens, giving us variety in size, probably a more lasting quality in flower, and all the interest that attaches to a further progress in a popular spring garden subject. Read over such a list as contented one ten years ago. Here is one that chances to be near: La Tristesse, Wouverman, Carl Becker, Baronne de la Tonnaye, Mr. Farncombe Sanders—these are pretty, one or two of them more than pretty but how uninteresting are almost all in the light of the modern splendours! How large, tapering, or round the cups of today's tulips are; how upright and tall their stems; and the colours as though the hybridizer had dipped his brush into all the skies of sunset!

Two or three more new tulips must be named. Rosabella again, a round short-petalled flower of an unusually nice pink, is a tulip always at its loveliest

when grown below that sweetest of species lilacs, *Syringa pubescens*. Mme. Buyssens is a long, shapely flower of palest yellow, noble in form, with long-pointed petals. Fantasy, the rose-pink Parrot tulip, is, I repeat, one of the glories of all tulips; a sport of Clara Butt, it is not yet nearly so widely known as it should be. Sensation is a treasure among tulips. The petals of this Parrot tulip, a great novelty, are toothed and frilled at the edges. The outer side of each deep rich violet petal is flamed and feathered like the Rembrandts with cream colour and brownish purple, with an occasional touch of green. For Fantasy this tulip makes a startlingly fine companion.

A time will come when Sensation will not be six dollars a bulb, as it is at the time of writing; and when groups of this tulip, with due regard to economy, can be planted below the delicious blue flowers of the President Lincoln lilac. So will there be a time when Fantasy may glow on the ground below *Syringa macrostachya's* delicate pink and when Rosabella will be seen in fair colonies with *Syringa pubescens'* lavender spraying above it. Meantime try out new tulips of other names and kinds, that your beds and borders may not lack surprises for the eye most familiar with what is there.

But let us plunge into the practical. Out of a long experience I give a few hints as to nice early spring effects with tulips under those trees whose spring flowering is a recurrent joy. If you have a plum or a

pear tree with room below it for a few bulbs, grow there the single early tulip Vermillon Brillant. The dazzling effect in sunlight of the white fruit blossom, with the glowing scarlet below it, is something to look forward to and never forget. Suppose there is a copper beech somewhere on your land; the two most glorious tulips to use near this, as a foreground, a sheet of colour below it, are Inglescombe Pink, the Cottage tulip of ineffable loveliness in pink and amber, and Valentin, a fine flower of violet hue. In setting these, let the two colours intermingle in one place, separate in another; plant the bulbs as though this were a bit of woodland and the flowers grew naturally; all the better if your beech is in a border with other shrubs behind it, for this wild effect is then easier to attain with tulips. And, as a rule, it is a little difficult to get a naturalistic look with these magnificent flowers except where one uses the single early or species tulips, which are smaller and less stiff in type than their glorious cousins the Darwin and Cottage kinds.

For tulips of fine colours together try Mystery and the delicious pink May Blossom; a lovely tulip called Twilight below the magnificence of tulip Ambrosia, which has the most enchanting form and colour of any tall new tulip that I know. Bacchus with Fantasy below it, Fantasy, that beautiful Parrot tulip described above, make a combination to rejoice the eye in May, and a planting of Louis XIV,

Bronze Queen, Bacchus, and William Copeland will make a border of great distinction where the purple bronzes and a lavender are wanted.

A simple but good garden arrangement of late tulips is given in that excellent book of Elsa Rehmann's *Garden-Making.* This is in an oval garden, with a pool in its centre, and four borders. Around the pool were eight groups of tulips in this order: Clara Butt, whose rich rose is known to all gardeners now, Stanley, white, Picotee, white with rose-pink edge, and Flamingo. The lavender tulip Dream, with the rich purple-violet tulip Valentin, concludes this sequence of flowers. This order is then repeated in the opposite direction with a most beautiful and harmonious effect of rose and violet in flowers. It is well worth trying and could easily be had, as these tulips are always available and not expensive.

It would be more than pleasant to dwell on the daffodil as well as on the tulip and to suggest plantings of these flowers too; but due to the federal horticultural quarantine the range of our daffodils is now so limited that only a few varieties are offered and only a handful of those are interesting enough in form and habit of growth to make them worth buying and planting. Among these, however, are *Narcissus poeticus recurvus, N. alba plena odorata,* Barri conspicuus, Mme. Plemp, Horsfeldi, and Victoria.

But let me repeat now in more detail the description of a little spring planting of my arranging which

has been so successful that I must pass it on here. This was on a tiny knoll where white pine and Carolina poplar had been planted years before to screen out an ugly prospect. We cut a short winding path through these trees and set out in this order the following bulbs, very thickly planted in groups close to the tree roots and edging the narrow walk of trodden earth on both sides. The flower groups were irregular—first they were large, then small, sometimes dozens of flowers together, then a mere trickle of daffodils or grape-hyacinths. All this was to keep the naturalistic effect. Here is the planting order:

To the right at the beginning of the walk, daffodil Sir Watkin, mingling with *Narcissus Poetaz* Elvira, then a group of daffodil Cynosure, then the fine orange tulip Mr. Van der Hoef. Again Sir Watkin, a thick planting of grape-hyacinth (muscari Heavenly Blue), narcissus Elvira with the lovely early white tulip Lady Boreel, grape-hyacinths again, with daffodil Sir Watkin, more Elvira, more Sir Watkin —and the end of that side of the walk. The other side of the path was filled with spring flowers in the same way, but the same ones were not opposite each other. This is the simplest possible planting to plan; anyone could have it anywhere, and where there is a little wooded place, where ground can be cleared a little, always irregularly, not a set or finished-looking border made, where bone meal can be liberally given, and where the earth is not low or

Young French hybrid lilacs planted symmetrically in the flower-garden

wet, these bulbs will flourish wonderfully and the grape-hyacinth will seed itself and increase year after year. If one has a little walk like this to wander in in May, one does not envy the rich man his acres of flowers, his stone balustrades, his fountains of marble. Here is a little world of beauty in itself, enough for anyone, and an epitome of all that is fine in gardening.

Tulips and daffodils, however, gain immeasurably in beauty when little spring flowers come up below them and carpet the ground beneath their stems, leaves, and flowers. There is nothing nicer than forget-me-not below tulips of any hue whatever; nothing sweeter than this same blue flower, one of the heart's darlings in gardens, below the yellow daffodil; *Mertensia virginica* is a delightful companion-plant for tulips, especially for the soft rose tulip called Hobbema or Le Rêve; it seems as though these two flowers were created for each other. So many little bulbs have place if planted in dozens or hundreds—for tiny flowers need to be many to be effective—below these same tulips or daffodils. The fine grape-hyacinth in bright blue (*Muscari azureum*) with the sweet pale early tulip Brunhilde; the later *Muscari botryoides* or Heavenly Blue, which is really a dull purplish blue, however, below the primrose-coloured double early tulip Safrano or Brimstone; and forget-me-not again below Clara Butt and Reverend H. Ewbank, two tulips most perfect together.

How impossible to name all the arrangements, all the combinations that come to mind, that one has known in one's own garden, that one would love to see in other people's borders everywhere. The common myrtle, *Vinca minor,* is a great favourite of mine for planting everywhere—beneath large trees, along edges of walks, on slopes; and nothing is sweeter in early spring than to see thrusting their flowers through these small dark-green leaves of the myrtle such crocuses as Kathleen Parlow, as Mikado with its lavender stripes, as Largest Golden Yellow with its shining flowers, that bees so love to visit.

The lists of bulbs for fall planting come in June and July and these months are the time to plan for the next spring's loveliness in such things. The smaller the garden, the better it is adapted to bulb-planting; for this reason—that the most charming effects can be had with formal planting of crocuses, tulips, daffodils, scillas, grape-hyacinths, other bulbs —and do not forget that fascinating tiny thing called puschkinia, in a garden of, say, twenty by thirty feet. These spring things take so little space; they look so well, so at home—so Dutch, that is to say—if set in lines, rows, or stiff squares in such a place; the little ones can so readily be tucked in between the big; the succession of flowers if one gives just a little attention to the times of bloom of the different kinds is so exciting to see; and the cost so comparatively little, that in time I know we shall see small spring

gardens generally throughout the country. In every one of these there should be a flowering crab, a dogwood, a pear, an apple, or a plum; for if these flowers from bulbs are in themselves charming, they are doubly so when the blue shadows of flowering boughs fall across those colours that "broider the ground in rich inlay" and when one can raise the eyes from this rainbow of the earth, only to see white or rosy flowers against the sky.

One more tulip combination, of really superfine flowers for colour, height, and form, is this: Alcmene, deep rose, Mrs. Hoog, a pale yellow, Mme. de Buyssens, also a yellow, and Mr. Hoover, deep salmon-red. These are marvels either separately or together. But how useless it is to try to convey the wonder of beauty of these newer tulips in "the scant grey meshes of words!" The planting of such things in the crisp October air, the handling of the lovely burnished balls of bulbs, the smell of the earth as one digs and sets, the feeling during the winter, no matter what befalls in the way of weather that beyond one's window lie things that will surely rise and glow in the spring sun so surely as that sun itself shall move southward in the sky—it is all one of the greatest sources of happiness known to mankind, and I congratulate the gardener who as yet does not know, has not seen, these novelties in tulips from Holland —for he has a sensation awaiting him unlike any he can have had before.

III

THE MODERN LILAC

Beginning with one's earlier impressions of places and their planting, one thinks naturally of the first impressions of shrubs in general—not childhood impressions, but those of the beginning gardener.

I remember well what a look I cast upon the first shrubs we planted about our first house in the country. The landscape architect had specified them; they were carefully bought and as carefully set out. But once in, they seemed to me a succession of rather dreary woody twiggy things and were more often passed by than examined. This was in autumn and the bushes were small. But in two or three years, beside a walk whose curves and planting still remain in my memory as exquisitely lovely, there suddenly burst upon us one morning in spring a long group of fine lilacs in full flower. Then and not till then did I make acquaintance with those first beauties of Lemoine, that set of names now so familiar to American horticulture, yet ever lovely: Marie Lemoine, the single white, surpassed even now by only one or two others; Mme. Émile Lemoine, the double white;

President Grévy, the very bluish; Belle de Nancy, the pink single, and that deep purple Souvenir de Ludwig Spaeth, still very near the top of any list.

Who first introduced all these I do not know; perhaps Ellwanger and Barry of Rochester. Certainly Mr. Ellwanger was among the first to suggest the use of the hybrid lilac in this country, and to him and to John Dunbar we who love it in its varying forms owe more than we can say.

There began then to filter into the country, when such filtration was easy, the various works of the Lemoines of Nancy in the way of new and ever lovelier lilacs. Then began Mr. Dunbar's hybridizing, as he realized what could be done in this way during his management of the collection at Highland Park. (The history of the lilac in America remains to be written, but this would make a highly interesting chapter in our gardening annals.) [1] With E. H. Wilson's frequent findings of lilac species in the Orient, with the accessions to the Arnold Arboretum, there came a greater interest in the very fine collection there. Professor Sargent was overwhelmed by letters asking which were the best lilacs to buy for private places. The lilacs at Holm Lea, Brookline, so beautifully disposed in groups and along wide grass walks, with early blooming *Iris germanica*

[1] Since this was written, there has appeared *The Lilac,* a monograph by Susan Delano McKelvey, illustrated with one hundred and seventy-two half-tone plates and with four colour charts (New York: The Macmillan Company).

below them, were already trees of bloom, as were those at Hawthorn Hill, Lancaster, where the arrangement of lilacs along terraces forms a superb feature of the general plan; and it may be that before anyone else in this country the great Professor Sargent had brought in and used these marvels of beauty in an educational and horticultural way. At all events every paragraph in any one of the many bulletins of the Arnold Arboretum, as one looks back over the files of these, is authoritative. And Professor Sargent's list of the twelve best lilacs is invaluable.

Dates on the introduction of the finer kinds are not available as I write. My own great interest in this horticultural group began some twenty-five years ago and has continued with an ever-growing enthusiasm and the most enthralling spring delight. As a part of this delight there is first the reading of, the buying, the planting of these little trees; as another and very vital part there is that ecstatic state of expectancy as spring draws near. Buds have been feverishly watched the autumn before, especially if that autumn has been suspiciously warm. Now the great anxiety is freezing weather—perhaps a low temperature when the buds are just projected from their leafy cup or scape; perhaps as in tight clusters of unopened flowers they are held high in air only to become dejected tassels of good-for-nothings after a bitter night.

But all these mortifications of the horticultural

White lilac Edith Cavell, perhaps seven years old

flesh aside—and they are severe trials too in some years—the outburst of bloom from the genus syringa is one of the splendours of our spring. From New England to Virginia and throughout the Middle West and Northwest the eye is bewitched, the air is perfumed, by them in April and in May.

It is a far cry from the small-flowered varieties of an earlier time to some of the great beauties of to-day, and there is even a greater gap when one thinks of the play and range of colour now. In 1890 who would have dreamed that such a lilac as Bleuâtre might appear, or such a blue as that of President Lincoln (this a creation of Mr. Dunbar's), such a deep reddish mauve as Katherine Havemeyer, such a glorious white as Mrs. Edward Harding? Who could have believed on seeing long ago those white beauties from Nancy—Marie Lemoine and Mme. Émile Lemoine—that there would come, later on, a white lilac to equal Jan van Tol whose individual florets are of a size and texture to leave one breathless and whose equal for forcing there is not? Yet this has happened. And in this lilac named for the nurseryman of Boskoop and sent out by a firm in Zoeterwoude we have one of the wonders of all lilacs.

With all this profusion of beauty in lilacs one would think that the sudden vanishing of it all might leave a garden vacuum. Not at all. For now, to supplement their more brilliant cousins the hybrid lilacs,

come cautiously into bloom various beautiful species such as the lovely pale-pink *villosa,* and that finest and most delicate of all, Sweginzowi superba. All this without mentioning japonica, whose creamy thyrsi of flowers shine out with equal magnificence in a fine flower-garden on a farm seven miles from our Michigan house, and in Mrs. Rowland Hazard's beautiful place at Peace Dale, Rhode Island. A lilac gives its own glory to the spot where it is, and no smallest bit of ground is really complete, where conditions warrant, without one example of this tribe of plants.

Of all capricious months of May, perhaps that of 1926 was the most capricious. From too cold to too hot from too dry to too wet, so the weather went—until no one could be sure what either a night would ruin, or a day bring forth. All lilacs showed the effects of too little rain; the thyrsi of bloom were rather shorter than usual. But, for me, there were matters to balance this. One was the first flowering of *Syringa oblata.* For eight or ten years the broad, handsome leaves of this lilac, with their rich, bronze-red hue, had been a lovely sight in October. That spring here were flowers at last, a few loosely tumbling clusters of mauve-pink blossoms, the long corolla tube slightly darker on the outer side than on the inner of the open floret. Since the flowers of *S. oblata* are nearly always killed by frost in the Arnold Arboretum, whence this specimen of ours

came, it was rather wonderful to have it escape with us for one season at least.

But oh, the losing of lilac labels! What does it matter whether or no the label of a tiny creeping thing like alyssum or aubrietia is gone?—but to lose the very title of a *tree* of flowers, there is a tragedy. Last spring I read lilac lists late into the night, drinking in once more every syllable of Professor Sargent's words in all the Arboretum bulletins I have over a long period of years: re-reading the chapter "In Lilacdom" in Dr. Wilson's *Aristocrats of the Garden,* going over again a precious article of John Dunbar's which has been of the greatest value to me ever since it appeared in the *Florists' Exchange;* making frantic notes, as confused as they were copious, and then rushing wildly about from lilac to lilac, hoping to find, not lost labels, but lost lilacs. The four words that are of the most use to me at such a time are not words describing colour, but they are these: single, double, early, late. These form the first key to identification. For, writing on May 23, only two lilacs were really in full bloom—Claude Bernard and Mme. Morel. The first is a tall, free-blooming lilac of light typical colour; the second, a great beauty, very delicate in habit, with long spires of lovely pinkish blossoms held up in air to greet the sun.

Two new white lilacs were blooming that season for the first time—Edith Cavell and Jan van Tol.

The last named is doing so poorly, since the bushes have not thrived very well, that it is almost impossible to say now whether or not the Dutch introducers are justified in calling it the largest and finest of all white lilacs; but the individual florets are singularly interesting, since they are set in loose clusters of large single flowers upon the stem, and the four petals of each are unusually long and narrow. In fact, when I saw the first cluster open I thought of orange blossoms, and no lilac has until now given me that suggestion. The flowers of Jan van Tol are of a dazzling white, delicate in texture, yet very firm and fine. This is sure to be a great addition to the list of fine lilacs from abroad, and in the future I hope to have a detailed impression of it in its best estate. My four small bushes are not over three feet high and look a bit straggly now. The knife must be applied to shape the little trees, even if some bloom of next year may thus be lost.

Princess Alexandra is a superb white lilac, with tapering outstanding bloom. It is one of the marked ones for general beauty; but the little florets are about one-half the size of those of Jan van Tol. Princess Alexandra is an old lilac, and according to the bulletins of the Arnold Arboretum originated in Windsor, Ontario, opposite Detroit.

But it is to one other new white lilac that I must turn now, and that is Edith Cavell, one of Lemoine's introductions, a beautiful starry double flower with

an immense thyrsus of white flowers. From my four small bushes rise three or four steeples of wonderful flowers, giving promise of magnificent trees of bloom in future Mays. Siebold is a little rounding tree here, too, though it has been in my garden for three or four years; its very double white flowers, small clusters of bloom, and characteristic buds, which one grower very aptly calls "amber cream," give it a look of its own. As I see it here, in my Michigan garden, however, it is not a remarkable lilac.

I sometimes wonder which of all these heavenly spring beauties I like better than all the others. And I believe if a choice had to be made I should say Mme. Antoine Buchner. Certainly there is an ineffable colour here, "pale rose purple" in Ridgway's Chart; but then I look upward and there, against the blue May sky, are the ascending spires of that luscious pink lilac, *S. macrostachya*. And I say to myself: "No, that is the loveliest of all." With palest pink flowers, with buds of a slightly deeper pink, a warm pink, and with such glorious slender clusters of bloom as are seldom seen on any bush or tree, here is a lilac to covet, to own, and to enjoy.

Le Printemps (charming name), with its fine and heavily clothed pale-mauve flowers and deeper coloured buds, and Jean Mace, with somewhat the same colour and a very beautiful flower cluster, make two doubles which everyone should have. Dan-

ton and Violetta, two glorious singles of dark purplish mauve—excellent foils for the pale mauves in the border—offer striking contrasts with the whites, either single or double. Philémon, Professor Sargent's favourite, and with a thyrsus of great distinction of form and clear bright-mauve colour, is another of the beauties of any collection, large or small; while a glorious thing named, I believe, Leopold II cannot be surpassed for rich deep-mauve hue, or luxuriance of flowering. Its blossoms are literally multitudinous. The great rounding clusters of bloom hang downward a little from sheer weight, and altogether it is one of the finest of the noble lilac tribe.

Of this lilac's name I am a little uncertain—sometimes I have thought this was *Syringa reflexa*. But there is no madness like the spring or May madness which comes over one on finding the labels one has trusted either gone from the bough, or so wiped out by weather as to be undecipherable.

When I came to live in the old house touched upon in the first chapter of this book, and as various aspects of that house broke upon me from time to time, I thought: "The wall of this woodshed has a rather barren look—the angle there by the low-roofed porch needs something green.—*Lilacs,*" I exclaimed to myself, "nothing but the lilac would be right here." So half a dozen were brought from an old cellar-hole, the property of a neighbour half a mile

away, and set that very day. Full of buds they were when moved, and they sank into their places as though they had always grown there. Nothing but lilacs for an old house; and they should be the common lilacs too—*Syringa vulgaris*. French hybrids would have no place here near these walls of over a hundred years ago—they might be planted in some place apart, but not near the almost classic doorway of this house. A setting of their own suits them best.

But the mere mention of the world "lilac"—or "syringa," its botanical name—sets the gardening mind aflame with delight. Until lately little had been written on the lilac, but now we have a book—a noble monograph—by Susan Delano McKelvey, called simply *The Lilac* (Macmillan), in which is all one can know or needs to know about this genus, accompanied by photographs so glorious of lilac buds, flowers, and trees that the most ignorant could identify the various types without difficulty. With this book in your possession and a list of good growers you are quite ready to become a confirmed lilac-enthusiast. For adjectives fail as we think of the beauty of the French hybrid lilacs, of the species lilacs, as yet comparatively little known, but all, all so valuable for gardens in the cooler parts of this country. There is, for instance, *Syringa pubescens*. If every gardener in this country could see and know this lilac, there would be such a rush for catalogues and prices of it, there would be such volumes of or-

ders, that no nursery could supply the demand. Its delicate lace-like bloom, its hue of pearly lavender, its delicious fragrance!—and when this shrub, even a small one, for it blooms, as one might say, almost before it can talk, has two or three dozen bulbs of the lovely tulip Rosabella set before it, the picture in spring is one that would make anyone wish to be a painter of flowers.

Here are a few good groupings of lilacs according to their colours; these I have tried, and I know what pleasure they can give. For deep-mauve flowers: Danton, President Poincaré, Maréchal Lannes, and Milton; for pink flowers, President Fallières, Montaigne, Mme. Antoine Buchner. Here are some names, too, of lilacs which if planted beside each other will give most beautiful colour-contrasts; Thunberg, Maréchal Lannes; René Jarry-Desloges, Danton; Marceau, Macrostachya; Diderot, René Jarry-Desloges, President Fallières, Gentil; Montaigne, Danton; and these three together, Cærulea, Gilbert, and Macrostachya. These lilacs are all rather expensive, but remember that like the little Edith Cavell, that loveliest of all white lilacs, they bloom tremendously when they are five or six years old and only four feet tall.

Then the season of bloom that can be obtained from the use of lilacs now is long; six weeks I have had, but of course this was by means of some presents of rare kinds not obtainable usually. The very

earliest to bloom in named kinds is Mirabeau, a beautiful lilac-mauve flower. Then come Claude Bernard, and the beauteous Mme. Morel, with its light, upstanding flowers of pinkish lavender, one of the best of all for cutting as well as growing. (Of course everyone knows that the secret of keeping such woody things as lilacs in water is to split the stem up for three or four inches and strip off the bark for that length too.)

But tulips and lilacs together—there is something surprising in the beauty of these. People have long grown irises below the lilac, and peonies below it, early ones, but the range of colour is so great in the tulip that it is easy to find the most beautiful foreground plantings for lilacs in the tulip tribe. For instance, there is the pink tulip Psyche, beautiful below the bluish French lilacs Gilbert or Pasteur. Gilbert is one of the loveliest of all the soft bluish ones and has pinkish buds. Then, below the foliage, the young foliage in May, of a copper beech, tulips Valentin and Inglescombe Pink excel everything I have ever seen for fine colour in such things. The reddish purple of Valentin is excellent with the tree's burnished foliage, while the amber lights of the warm pink tulip are most lovely near by. In places the tall tulips will lift their heads among the handsome lower boughs of the tree. There can be for spring no more sumptuous planting than this—nothing richer or better to look upon. Tulip Frans Hals we tried also

in this grouping, but its colour was too harsh for the rest, its tone of brightest purple too strong for the delicate bronze of the beech-leaves.

Two years ago in the garden that I had we made a small brick-floored garden, surrounded it with old lilacs of the French types, and the picture of this small garden, not much over twenty feet square, was one to think of as each May comes again. We used in a border all around the dark brick only two tulips —Clara Butt, the rose-pink, and the Rev. H. Ewbank, the pure lavender; and the reason for this was that two very old pink-flowering hawthorns would bloom at the same moment as the tulips, and their colour had to be considered.

The tulip cups in the May sun were filled with light, held straight against their background of clipped privet hedge; on two sides tall hybrid lilacs showed all their clustering bloom, and on the two other sides the old hawthorns were rosy with flowers. Opposite these two Delicious apple-trees "stood dressed in living green," as the old hymn says. A certain charm came too from the formal look of green privet; this was *ibota*—the hardy variety—between tulips and the flowering trees, since these things seem to call for a line of demarcation between them. The privet finely supplies it. But all this is dwelt upon with more detail later in this book.

IV

OTHER SPRING FLOWERS

May-day—and early daffodils and lacy shadows by apple boughs only tipped with green! All the promise of the years is fulfilled each spring, for in each spring there is increase of beauty—an increase in the vast numbers of buds of leaf and flower, more of a look of age, that precious quality in good gardens and in good houses alike. "Deliver us from the look of newness" has ever been the cry of those who build and those who garden. Well do they know that unless sun, rain, and time lay their slow and subtle hands upon the house or garden, it can never have the charm, the seasoned richness, that old gardens wear. Members of the Garden Club of America who visited the old gardens about Richmond some years ago learned one most important lesson. That was to let their gardens be—not to do overmuch to them; less in the way of pruning, of cutting back, merely enough to give a trim look. A hard lesson this; there seem so many reasons for keeping things in exquisite order—not only for weeding and cultivating, but for shaping and cutting

back tree and shrub. Yet when these things are left to themselves (always assuming that space permits) what lovely natural forms ensue, what pictures are created!

The streams of daffodils in these old gardens of Virginia in late April were a case in point; here they had been for generations; here they were always growing in increasing numbers and in loveliness. And who could feel it spring without a daffodil? Always have I had a few in the beds or borders. At first the older and more common kinds, mainly trumpets and poets; then some little collections of finer sorts bought in this country and abroad; and many of these good ones are in open ground, still doing nobly. Alice Knights, Elfrida Pearson, Niobe, Bernardino, Firebrand, Great Warley, to name but a few, are smiling or glowing in their places. When cut, with a few twigs of forsythia or of *Prunus subhirtella's* pale pink flowers, or when in bowls with little knots of muscari Heavenly Blue, can anything be sweeter for house or table? There is something about that old tulip Thomas Moore (or perhaps it is now called by the uninteresting name of Fred Moore) which makes it almost the nicest tulip to use with mid-season or late daffodils; yet all single and double white and yellow earlies in the way of tulips are excellent companions for them.

What names are associated with the development of the daffodil! Barr, Burbidge, Backhouse, Engle-

Philadelphus lemoinei Virginal

heart, Wilson, Willmott, Crosfield, Jacob, Pearson, Krelage, Van Waveren, Copeland, Brodie of Brodie, Chapman, Bourne, Leak, Loder, De Graaff—the list could be made longer still; but these are some of the outstanding ones in England and in Holland, where more attention has been given to the daffodil than in other countries. It may possibly be that America will yet produce its own beautiful hybrids of the family, especially since the editor of the delightful *National Horticultural Magazine* is devoting some of his time to work of this kind in his garden; but it will be long before we equal or surpass the overseas growers, whether amateur or commercial. And it will also be long, I fear, before we have an organization such as the Midland Daffodil Society, whose fascinating small report for 1920 lies before me as I write. Here, in Mr. Malby's photographs, one sees the character of such flowers as Moira O'Neill, Tranquillity, Eucharis, Beauty of Radnor, Harvest Moon, John Masefield. Again, it will be long before we have any such novelty in daffodils as Mr. F. Herbert Chapman's Grand Opera, a beautiful Poet with an outspread cup which shows two distinct bands of rich colour, probably (although I have not seen the flower) scarlet and orange, or yellow and primrose colour.

That there is a deep interest in the flower in America no one can doubt. In looking over the accounts of the 1927 New York Flower Show one reads with

real pleasure that the crowds pressed so about the beautiful cut daffodils just brought over from England by Mr. Scheepers's initiative and energy that it was almost impossible for those in charge to get to the daffodils to see their labels. Fields of the common varieties are in flower now each spring in the Pacific North-west, in tide-water Virginia, on Long Island, and in other parts of the country; and in this time of true and ever-growing interest in flowers and in garden varieties and their uses, there will certainly crop out individuals who see visions in the daffodil, who will not rest content with their Emperors and Empresses, their Sir Watkins, and their Victorias. The great fanciers abroad seem to run more, in hybridizing, to the poet, the incomparabilis, the Leedsi the Barri. Mr. F. Herbert Chapman, one of the great English hybridizers, writing in the magazine mentioned in a former paragraph—that little periodical for which no words of praise can be too high—says: "At the same Birmingham Show at which Grand Opera figured, I also showed Dinkie of my own raising. This is a Barri, and the colouring was said to be unlike any flower previously exhibited, the whole flower being a uniform greenish yellow, with just a very narrow clear-cut red rim to the cup." Let this bit of description from a master suffice to show what changes are being made in the daffodil, and perhaps to encourage some of our own amateurs at least to try their hand at this fascinating, if slow,

pursuit. For let it be remembered, too, that after the first seed of a possible new daffodil is gently put into the ground, seven years must pass before the flower is seen. In all gardening, does not every year pass too fast? Each one is so crowded with activities, with interests, is so engrossing with failures or even more engrossing with successes, that a year is as nothing, and seven will come and go until one morning, standing over the daffodil rows, the seeker after beauty will exclaim, as he looks at his blooming daffodils: "Is it possible that it was seven years ago that I first placed these seeds here?" As for the excitement of collectors today, it is greater than ever, as is the interest of gardeners everywhere. A fine grower in England suggested in the spring of 1927, in a letter to me, that orders be placed very early, "as already the Dutch are buying heavily in this country and everything points to an unprecedented demand."

The late Reverend Joseph Jacob, in the Present-Day Gardening Series, has a delightful book on the daffodil; here in a very interesting short preface by the Reverend W. Wilks, for years the secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, it is amusing to read the latter's remarks of perhaps fifteen years ago as to the "present truly ridiculous prices of thirty, forty, and fifty pounds a bulb for a new daffodil." If Mr. Wilks were living now, he would probably realize that much more than this is given now for a

new and promising variety, and that tulips as well as daffodils are commanding the attention of the great commercial growers to an extent only surpassed at the time of the tulip mania in Holland. Mr. Jacob's book is one that all daffodil-lovers should possess; and it may be said, too, that a very comprehensive and readable article on the history of the daffodil and its divisions or classes appeared in the *Bulletin* of the Missouri Botanical Garden of April 1926.

What was for me a very dramatic moment in daffodil matters took place one cold bright April morning in a little town of North Holland, Noordwijk by name. Two or three members of a great bulb-growing house there had taken me to a room on an upper floor of one of their warehouses at the edge of the fields. In that room was staged a collection of magnificent daffodils, perhaps a hundred, perhaps two hundred varieties, most of them either very new or as yet only numbered. As I gazed at these beautiful flowers, one of these gentlemen said to me: "We should like to have you glance quickly over this exhibit and say which you consider the outstanding daffodil here." Looking earnestly at the array before me, I singled out with very little delay a beautiful trumpet with primrose and pale-yellow in the flower, and turned to see my hosts smiling at each other. "That one," said they, "we have named for you!"

I think this daffodil is not yet in commerce; but

when it is, I predict a sensation among connoisseurs. Mrs. Francis King is a very large flower; its perianth is large, flat, and of a peculiar whiteness. Its yellow trumpet is very tightly frilled at the edge; this edge is of clear bright yellow, and below the band of yellow is another which can only be described as a glowing apricot, an orange apricot, if you will. This band of glowing hue is a deep one; and as one looked at the daffodil, one wondered that the hybridizer's mind and hand could help to create such a marvel of flower as this. Among the beauties in this little room were Etna, a beautiful double of orange and yellow; Galaxy, a wonderfully vivid flower which would look especially well in the border; Radio, a pure white with a delicate stripe of pale yellow, and Milford Haven, of orange and white. No one can possibly imagine the existence of such flowers. They must be seen to be believed. When such come within reach of the discerning amateur, then we may expect such loveliness in our spring gardens, and especially such interest at our spring shows, as we have not achieved before.

"Strawberry Hill," wrote Horace Walpole on June 8, 1754, "is now in the height of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honey-suckle, and seringa-hood." To be in the height of syringa-hood, philadelphus-hood, means now, or we may take it to mean, that the two senses of sight and smell are gratified as at almost no other time of the gardening year; that

the mind travels afar as the gardener reads the labels of newer varieties of this beautiful shrub; that the ingenious gardener, as he observes this fine family closely, sees in it a syringa or philadelphus for almost any position on his ground, and for a time which stretches itself over several weeks of spring and early summer.

Who that knows this shrub only as it was would recognize it now as it is in the collections of the country, or in private gardens? It becomes increasingly plentiful in the latter, for as soon as a new French variety is seen it is wanted. There is no weakness so forgivable as garden covetousness—that covetousness is a stepping-stone to wider things; it is a perfectly natural and rather engaging emotion on the part of the one who covets.

The mock-orange came originally from Asia Minor and Greece; and it is largely due to Linnæus himself, according to Dr. Wilson, that today we have the miserable confusion arising from the word "syringa"—Latin for the genus lilac and customary for the genus mock-orange or philadelphus. As far back as 1700 a French botanist suggested "lilac" for the syringa group and "syringa" for that of the mock-orange. How unfortunate that this counsel did not prevail! Since, however, the confusion exists, we who are interested in such correctings must speak of the mistake where good will come of such speakings.

In 1883 a tiny philadelphus was introduced from

Colorado, very dwarf, with small flowers. *Philadelphus microphyllus,* not over two feet in height, is a delightful plant for low shrub groups and would even be excellent for early June effects in the border, where shrubs among flowers should be more frequently introduced. This takes the artist's hand, however, and should not be done without great consideration.

"Lemoine," says Professor Sargent, "took *P. microphyllus* and crossed it with coronarius and produced a new race of plants to which the general name of *Philadelphus lemoinei* has been given. These hybrids are dwarf and compact shrubs with pure white fragrant flowers, usually not so large as those of coronarius, and with small foliage." The popular modern Avalanche is one of these hybrids, as are several others named here. But the history of the philadelphus gains enormously in interest as one reads of the many new species discovered in western China. "One of those," writes Mr. Barron, "which was worked on by Lemoine in producing some of the new race was *pubescens,* of which *brachybotrys* is but a synonym or erroneous name, and *purpurascens* has given us some very interesting hybrids, some in the parks of Rochester where Mr. Dunbar used to grow them so well." *P. purpurascens* is said to have a "dull purple spot on each lobe of the calyx," and its fragrance is amazingly like that of the sweet pea.

Lemoine's hybrids, like his other productions, are

the marvels of their kind. Among the best single-flowered sorts are Fantasie, Pavillon Blanc, Coupé d'Argent, Conquête; and among those with double or semi-double flowers these stand high in the opinion of authorities: Manteau d'Hermine, Rosace, Boule d'Argent, and the now familiar Virginal, than which no more delicious white-flowered shrub exists in all the world of such things.

This French list for 1927 gives among others Amalthée, Atlas, Belle Étoile, Enchantement, and Innocence. These vary greatly in type; all are beauties. Could there be a more alluring garden moment than that in early June when such things, hitherto unfamiliar perhaps, are in bud and ready to reward the waiting gardener's eye? Get a Lemoine list from Nancy. Do not be satisfied until your knowledge of these glorious mock-oranges is enlarged through the modest grey-covered catalogue of this renowned firm in France; though the quarantine may prevent your ordering, it cannot hinder the increase of your knowledge of what has been done with skill and patience on the other side. Our nurseries, however, offer many of the best.

In a bowl before me are sprays of six varieties of this beautiful flower. While the old kinds, such as the garland mock-orange, are very fine and always most fragrant, the new ones may truly be called eye-openers. Compare one spray of *Philadelphus brachybotrys,* for example (which came to me from Le-

moine under this name), with one of the garland mock-orange, *P. coronarius*. The flower of *brachybotrys,* while smaller than that of coronarius, is a dazzling thing. In the perianth of the former the petals seem white; they are more square, giving a more compact flower; and the mass of stamens in the centre of each shallow white cup is a deep rich yellow, not the faded one of coronarius.

But, speaking of pale stamens, here is another twig of bloom from one of the Arnold Arboretum's treasures of philadelphus, whose six pure terminal flowers are held close together, and whose stamens are practically white—this cannot be other than Boule de Neige, one of Lemoine's loveliest. Here, too, we have the glorious Conquête, only three or four flowers at the tip of each twig, terminal and lateral; but in this flower the great white pointed petals spread away from each other in a manner most distinct and fine; here the effect of a short line of ten-year-old bushes, pruned hard after blooming and headed in low, is brilliant indeed. Starry white flowers everywhere, graceful branches drooping white over the dark green of myrtle, others lifting themselves toward the sky.

Avalanche has a flower in entire contrast to all those just named; its long, delicate branches droop. Its flowers, those pure-white ball-like flowers, droop, too. The tiny buds of this very small-flowering philadelphus are like white rose-buds; in fact, one may put

the buds of the dwarf polyantha rose Katharina Zeimet beside them and find oneself unable to say which is rose and which mock-orange. All this, except for the fact that in the bud of the rose, where colour appears, it is palest yellow, not white as in the little philadelphus.

A new philadelphus was exhibited for the first time at the Chelsea Flower Show in May 1928 by Mr. Wallace of Bath. This was *P. burkwoodi,* a cross between Étoile Rose and Virginal. Its "fragrant flowers open wide like those of *Clematis montana.*" Its picture gives almost an effect of flowers of *Clematis recta.*

Now, for contrast in planting such shrubs as these, there could be no greater than Avalanche and Conquête, than Avalanche with Boule de Neige or Virginal; and what a delightful thing, where one has a background of cool deep green, such as a high well-kept hedge of arborvitæ, to set out before this, with ten feet at least between each shrub and the next, one of each of these lovely French hybrids, so little known as yet to the larger world of gardening! If one had to choose among all these "beauties of the day," however, and could have but one, that one should surely be Lemoine's Virginal. There is no other such bush of white flowers, no other such individual flower, in this whole tribe: seven or eight rounding blooms of the utmost purity at the very tip of each twig; each flower nearly filled with white

petaloids; every bud a pearl; and from all this lovely whiteness a fragrance thrillingly sweet. This is the shrub concerning which we have that lyric sentence of Clutton-Brock's "Not the lilac, not the spiræa nor viburnum, no, not even carlesi, but this unmatched, this matchless mock-orange from France, Virginal."

It is strange to see in English garden books an aversion on the part of some gardeners to the sweet scent of the philadelphus. Never have I known one with a disagreeable or over-sweet smell; never has this fragrance been anything but welcome to me in the June shrubberies. But one sentence from that enchanting writer on gardens in England, E. V. B., sums up the matter for those islands thus: "Dear syringa, best hated and best loved of flowers. The lovers of it hail its blooming with enthusiasm and break off sprigs to wear as they pass the bush, whilst others will go the other way round to avoid passing near."

A little garden of lilac and mock-orange—how easy to create and how charming to watch! Two periods of bloom over weeks of spring and early summer—*Syringa oblata* flowers as early as May tenth, and philadelphus as late as July fourth. There is no other pleasure like this of collecting hardy shrubs, and perhaps that Englishman was right who said some years since that the older we grow, the more we care for the more permanent garden subjects, such as shrubs and trees. At all events, the French and

others have, by their genius, given such magic interest to the new forms of philadelphus and syringa that he who sees these things in full beauty for the first time is captivated, carried away by the beauty of them.

Make a good design in oblongs or squares, outline the walks with alternating syringa and philadelphus, though they be tiny. Set the *best;* watch carefully the proportions of your plan; set other spring flowers—crocuses, daffodils, tulips, ending with quantities of *Tulipa sprengeri,* that glorious scarlet, latest of all tulips—in the open border beneath your shrubs; and from early spring to early summer there is in prospect a time of unmatched and quenchless joy in a succession of flowers as beautiful as they are sure.

V

TWO PLANTS WITH SWORDLIKE LEAVES

Long years ago no garden, no door-yard, in a New England or Virginia village, was without its group of "flags." Perhaps the word "iris" was not known to many of the growers and lovers of this splendid, this ever-returning flower of May and June. Also perhaps few of those who carefully tended these iris groups in a bygone day knew or cared to know the origins of their plants, the countries from which they came. When I began to take an interest in gardening, twenty-five or thirty years since, I cannot remember that there were offered in the catalogues of this country many if any species of the flower; but certain good kinds of *Iris germanica* were always to be had.

The first developments in the iris in this country to make an impression on a casual amateur like myself were those set forth in one of Mr. Farr's catalogues. Here, in perhaps 1912, were such flowers pictured and described as I had never heard of: here were unimagined beauties on each page. Wind-

ham, with its lovely pink; Blue Jay, one of the bluest; Juniata, another lovely flower. Here were pages of small pictures in colour. What excitement was mine as I turned them, and how I longed to own and plant all the irises pictured! (Two acres of land has its confining blessings!)

But since that time what a change! Not only have there arisen a number of really great authorities on the iris in England, America, and France, but publication on the flower has become so constant and so admirable that we now have sources at our hand that were undreamed of twenty years ago. Am I mistaken in thinking that our country, with its very important Iris Society, is now in the van with regard to interest in the flower? This interest is one that increases; for the *Bulletin* of the American Iris Society, that group which everyone who loves the iris should join, has given the names of no less than twenty-seven cities and towns where in the summer of 1927 iris shows took place.

But while we are making almost a cult of the iris, we do not yet perhaps approach the Old World in hybridizing, as one recalls what Sir Michael Foster, Sir Arthur Hort, Mr. Yeld, and Mr. Bliss have given us, not to mention Dykes and Perry (whenever I see *Iris sibirica* Perry's Blue, I bless the name of Perry afresh); nor yet, when one thinks of the great achievements of the French house of Vilmorin, Andrieux and company, or of M. Denis, of Millet, and

of Cayeux and Le Clerc. Our own hybridizers, the most notable of whom is probably Miss Sturtevant, have given us some magnificent varieties; and to Goos and Koenemann, the German firm, we owe the beautiful Loreley and Iris King.

Collectors in America multiply rapidly. From the beautiful "iris bowl" in a garden near Philadelphia renowned for its artistic interest, to the smallest border of irises along the walk of a suburban garden, these flowers of early summer are longed for and enjoyed. Constantly more is written and said of the iris, constantly do our iris lists improve in quality and in value.

The first species iris I chanced to grow was *Iris reticulata;* and never shall I forget the delight of finding among its grass-like leaves the beautiful small flowers of deep rich violet, and the further interest of finding them extremely fragrant. We learned to grow this among hepaticas brought from the woods, and great is the charm of this companion-flowering in mid-April here. These little bulbs of *Iris reticulata* came from Van Tubergen, of Haarlem. *Iris histrio* was also tried then. Next, some of the Oncocyclus group, those named beauties from Holland such as Artemis and Clotho; and for several years these did well, because they were on a raised bank and in full sun. *Iris susiana* also flourished there for some years and showed each spring a few of its magnificent and mournful flowers. *Iris korolkowi* we

had too, though in its young state that seemed to be especially tempting to wild rabbits, who partook far too freely of this choice thing in April. Of course the bulbous Dutch and English irises had a place in rows in the trial garden, with the Spanish and the Japanese or Kaempferi, but these last were never successful here; why I do not know. They were set in various places, but to no avail. But how wondrously they do in, for instance, a place like Swampscott—that rocky coast—I know well; and how marvellously in a certain Cleveland garden where in a low sequestered spot they open by hundreds beside a little lake, where is also a Korean tea-house, I know too. They seem to be unattainable in our garden. Is this to give me the pleasure in others' gardens which I cannot have in our own?

Taking a few only of the great varieties acclaimed by judges everywhere as new stars of this great genus, let me quote one or two descriptions. Ambassadeur is described by one of our authorities, Mrs. Douglas Pattison, thus: a strong plant with stout stiff stems, about four feet high. Flowers very large, with smoky reddish violet standards, the falls of a rich velvety dark reddish violet of great substance and almost horizontal. A magnificent variety, Asia (description from the same source as above): a grand iris unlike anything else in cultivation, with unusually large flowers and fine bold upstanding foliage. The standards are broad and massive, pale

silvery lavender, deepening at the base to a golden yellow. The beard is a bright golden yellow, the falls pale reddish purple, lightening in colour toward the margin. The whole effect of the flower is unusual and the plant stands out as one of the finest irises in cultivation. Shekinah is a pale lemon-yellow, deepening through the centre to the orange of the beard; a strong grower, and a very beautiful variety.

The use of the iris in gardens with other flowers is better understood today than ever before; their long period of bloom as one variety or type succeeds another, and the absolute certainty of their forms and colours, make them necessities for the borders of today. Here, for instance, for succession of bloom we use a tall bearded iris, such as Lent A. Williamson, to bloom first; then, passing, its handsome foliage in August clothes the otherwise bare and rather ugly stems of *Lycoris squamigera,* whose charming flowers in opal colours are beautiful above the iris-leaves. Here are, first, that splendid iris from Wallace, of Tunbridge Wells, Blue Boy, its deep purple flowers perfect in association with the yellow Cottage tulip Mrs. Moon under young apple-trees along a garden-walk. The early Mrs. Alan Gray would serve the same pretty purpose in the same spot. Then come the Pallidas into bloom, then the Germanicas, and after those the Siberian irises, Emperor and Perry's Blue. If I have had a favourite during the past few years, I think it is the pansy-like Richard II; its vio-

let velvet falls, with their distinct edgings of white, its beautiful balance in form, and its generally rich colour make it a remarkable achievement even for such a master as the late Mr. Dykes.

I have lately heard of a delightful planting of irises by a brook-side in a northern Michigan garden. These happen to be Germanicas, which of course do not belong near water. The planting arrangement with other flowers, however, is so exceptionally good that names are given here. The irises are (from front to back) Her Majesty, Massasoit, Juniata, Mrs. H. Darwin, and Queen of May. Myosotis, Siberian wallflower, white *Phlox subulata, Veronica repens, Iberis sempervirens,* and a pink *Gypsophila repens* are among the subjects used with the iris to create a spring picture. The arrangement seems to me most lovely. But hear Mrs. McKinney in her *Iris in the Little Garden* [1] on arrangement of irises with each other; look at page 81 of that little book—the veriest beginner in iris-growing now can never be at a loss as to how to plant, what to set next each other in this family.

None but the most casual survey of one's own experience with these flowers can be given in such space as I have here. And my observations on the iris are to be taken as those of a gardener who has found the family of rare interest for these reasons:

[1] Ella Porter McKinney: *Iris in the Little Garden;* The Little Garden Series (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

first, the intrinsic beauty of the various types, the appealing charm of the little ones, the noble forms and colours of the large; second, their value as border subjects for successive bloom; third, the fact that their colours are so varied, either delicate or rich, their heights so different, that there is nothing to take their places in planting for colour. These are the outstanding values of the iris to one who is neither a botanist nor a collector, but who believes, with the author of *Studies in Gardening,* that "there is something strange and remote even in so familiar a flower as the German iris. Its beauty, besides that of the rose, is like the beauty of the sea compared with the beauty of the earth. Everything about it seems mutable and insubstantial, as if it had been made by enchantment and might vanish by the same means."

Bright scarlet has never been my particular choice among the many colours spread before us by those gayest of all publications the seed catalogues. Yet my recollection is that the first gladiolus to attract my attention, years ago, was Princeps. That glorious flower was originated by Dr. Van Fleet from *Gladiolus cruentus* and *G. childsi,* and although its fault today would be that only two flowers are open at once upon the stalk,[1] still the brilliance of its colour,

[1] A Scottish firm, George Mair and Sons of Prestwick, has been astonishing the frequenters of English flower shows this year with gladioli which have ten, twelve, and even fourteen flowers open at once on the stem.

its large size, and the fine flat form of the open flowers would make it noticeable anywhere. It was, twenty years ago, far larger than any of its paler-hued contemporaries. As I remember it, however, it was not very widely grown.

Among the finer early varieties were America, which, with its fine spike of large cool pink flowers, created a sensation when first shown; Panama, in a lovely tone of warm pink, and Niagara, now surpassed by other and better yellows. Baron Hulot was always conspicuous for its rich violet, though its bloom is small; this is now, or will be when the corm is cheaper, outdistanced by Sovereign, a flower of fine size and form and of an equally deep purple. In looking over the Cornell list of 1916 it is surprising to see how few of the named varieties have survived in the average lists of the day. All the great hybridizers are there—Childs, Coblentz, Vilmorin, Kelway, Crawford, Kunderd, Groff, Austin, Lemoine, Hoeg, Pfitzer, Velthuys, and others—but many of the names of their flowers are but a memory. New forms, new combinations of colour, frilled edges, tall stalks, different settings of flowers upon the stem—all these things are constantly adding to the variety and interest of this flower, seen now in every farm door-yard or kitchen garden. But twenty-five years ago what a small list there was to choose from, and what an overpoweringly large one we have today!

The beauteous lavender gladiolus Captain Boynton

To mention again one of those Cornell Extension Bulletins, always authoritative, almost always delightful reading as well, in *Gladiolus Studies, No. I* by Professor A. T. Beal, six pretty and amusing cuts from old "figures" of this flower are shown; the flowers campanula-like, the rootlets below the bulbs drawn in decoratively to give formal finish to each drawing. These six were the garden gladiolus of three centuries ago—yet long before that Greeks and Romans "probably used the flowers of native species gathered from their grain fields in their floral decorations. . . ." From twenty-two described species in this Bulletin has risen the modern garden-flower, which from about 1900 on has seen a development and a popularity almost unequalled by any other horticultural subject.

I believe that the late Maurice Fuld was the first to popularize the primulinus hybrids in this country. Certainly his impassioned praise of this flower, so easily grown, too, from seed, made a great and lasting impression on me. And see now what delicious varieties of this type have arisen to grace our gardens. Alice Tiplady, Mary Virginia, Maiden Blush, Orange Queen, Salmon Beauty—the list is long and only these may be named. The earliness, the grace, the delicate yet glowing colours of this tribe commend it everywhere, and in the South as well as in the North they are treasures for gardens.

Some years ago there appeared in Ohio a list of

gladioli in which many French novelties were offered and described. Spikes of these were sent me for observation; and among the finest were, I remember, Beauté de Juillet, Comte de Montormes, Desdémone, Assuerus, and Archimedes. The fine set of gladioli from J. A. Kemp, of New Jersey, appeared about this time too—Pink Wonder, White Wonder, and the rest; and in Iowa Dr. Hoeg and Mr. Prestgåard, physician and journalist, were bringing out their beauties such as Decorah and Carmen Sylva. Among the large-flowered varieties, it may not be too forward to mention my own fine namesake, which I first saw after its introduction, about 1914 or earlier, in a country club at Tacoma, where I was startled by the brilliance of its flame-colour under artificial light. This still holds its own as a popular flower, though it is interesting to know that it does not sell in Germany. Its colour is not liked in that country, or so a grower there wrote me. Glorious this is with sheaves of the lovely bloom of *Artemesia lactiflora* in late August; lovely also with any pale-yellow flowers near by, such as the smaller sunflowers, like Sutton's Primrose Stella.

Among others of the newer, finer, types it is impossible to choose; a few shall be named here, but they must not be considered as all-embracing, merely partly representative. Who would be without, in any modern collection, Sovereign, Mrs. William E. Clark, Purple Glory, Improved Schwaben, Byron L.

Smith (not new), Herada, Louise, Mrs. Frederick C. Peters, Jean du Taillis, Étendard, Capitaine Ferber? Not I, who have known and grown almost all of these in small quantity.

Passing through a little Illinois town in a recent September, we stopped at a striking flower-show in a large garage. Here I marvelled at the great size and fine colour of Jack London. "Even the smallest bulblet will bring a four-foot spike five months after planting." (Is this only in California?) Elizabeth Tabor, which is said to bloom earlier than any other and which seems to have created intense interest where it has been shown, is another about which experts are talking today.

But no word about these flowers would be complete, however casual, without some suggestion as to their grouping, together or with other flowers. An absolutely lovely combination of two kinds seen last year is that of Captain Boynton (Diener) and Golden Measure. The first, named for one of our young heroes of the war, is of an exquisite lavender, and when placed beside the pale clear yellow of Golden Measure is something to remember. The gladiolus, however, is always at its best when it is among annuals or perennials whose colour and form enhance its own good looks. In years gone by we grew America among annual asters; now we think Mrs. Frank Pendleton particularly good among taller ageratum. A charming grouping would be

Captain Boynton back of verbena Mayflower; another the new Capitaine Ferber with ageratum again; or Le Maréchal Foch with that interesting zinnia Purple King, or with a dark-violet petunia near.

Though Kelway and Sons years ago originated, grew, and offered many varieties of the gladiolus, English gardens generally are only now opening wide their gates to this flower. The firm of Lowe and Gibson has done much to popularize it today, and Mr. J. L. Gibson's own charming writing on the gladiolus has largely increased the present interest in England.

This flower, old yet ever new, is susceptible of the most exquisite treatment in the right hands. There is no way quite so good as the following for finding for it its best companions in the border. When the gladioli are all in bloom, cut a few spikes, label them, and after rain, when the ground is soft, take these hither and yon throughout the garden, holding now one and another against a flower which may seem to provide for it a lovely foil. Now and again push a stalk into the soft earth, step back, and study the effect. The gladiolus will seem as if growing in that spot, and a note should at once be made as to the fitness of these flowers as neighbours for the following year.

Indeed, whatever can be done with tulips in the garden can be done with the gladiolus. The flowers are of somewhat the same texture, and there is the same range of colour. The time of planting of the

gladiolus regulates its time of bloom (this is set down in many lists). There are many opportunities for the loveliness of September gardens here and there is much to look forward to in gay colour as summer wanes.

VI

ROSES, PEONIES, DELPHINIUMS

In various Southern states roses are at their best in early May. Farther north gardeners are peering with anxious eyes at the young leaflets on every rose-bush, every climbing rose, hoping that no frost will shrivel them before the end of this treacherous—not merry—month of May. Now are seen the lovely bronze leaf-tips of the tea roses, the greener ones of the hybrid perpetuals; and lucky are they who do not see too the horrible white or green fly nibbling fiercely at these first signs of a beauty to come. The subject of the rose is to be approached with a degree of reverence; partly for the exceeding beauty and renown of this flower of flowers, partly because of the acknowledged difficulties in growing it to perfection. That these are soon to be lessened is fairly certain. For a special fund is now being raised for research into the control of rose diseases to be undertaken by Cornell University on behalf of the American Rose Society.

Directions for rose-growing in the various latitudes of this country are all to be had in the good lists of roses and in many books, but notably in that

"Bluer than the sorcerer's fires"

fine small book *Roses in the Little Garden,* by Mr. G. A. Stevens.[1] Whoever has that has a safe and simple guide. And one thinks, too, with pleasure of the sure ameliorating of the rose-grower's lot that seems really to have come, especially for those in dry climates, through the wonderful results of the use of peat-moss.

The American Rose Society sent out a *Newsletter* concerning its annual meeting for 1928 which makes fascinating reading. Who that has seen this would not join the society by the next mail? Those who would like to have that priceless bit of printing about roses should take out a membership in the American Rose Society, which may always be reached through Mr. Robert Pyle, West Grove, Pennsylvania. In this *Newsletter* of which I was speaking, Mr. Stevens, mentions the vote of the society on newer roses. Out of a list of two dozen chosen, he names only four as being really good garden roses: Betty Uprichard, Étoile de Hollande, Mrs. Henry Bowles, and Mrs. Henry Morse. Let us consider these four, since they are commended by a really fine authority and are good to watch for in the coming month of June and to order for fall planting, for fall is generally accepted now as the best planting-time. Étoile de Hollande is one of the very finest of all red roses; it is not a very double flower, but has a most delicious

[1] G. A. Stevens: *Roses in the Little Garden;* The Little Garden Series (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

scent. Mrs. Henry Morse is called the perfect two-tone pink rose. Betty Uprichard I have heard praised, not only in America, but lately by a Scottish lady in Belgium; it is in the main a salmon-coloured rose. Mrs. Henry Bowles has crinkled petals, which are rose pink inside and of a clear carmine outside.

Mr. Stevens's idea of the best roses among novelties of the past five years is given in this *Newsletter* also. He names the following as indispensable roses among the novelties of the past five years; a dwarf polyanthus rose, Chatillon; a climbing rose, Chastity; and Le Rêve; a hybrid perpetual, Henry Nevard; Mrs. A. R. Barraclough; Mrs. E. P. Thom; and Breeze Hill. Certainly it would be a fine introduction to rose-growing if the beginner in the practice who reads these names should secure these beauties of the day and when planting start with the very finest and newest. Leave the Crimson Rambler in the background, give up Baltimore Belle, and try the two climbing roses mentioned here. A dash into the unknown is always interesting, especially in the garden.

But now a word as to one of the most charming of rose-gardens anywhere and of some of the roses in it. This is a heart-shaped garden, not from choice, but from the topography of the land. It is made in as many as five levels, on a hill-side, and covers a space of perhaps seventy-five by sixty feet. A tall hedge of arborvitæ surrounds it. Use is made of

Juniperus horizontalis to fringe the top of the stone retaining walls; the whole ends in a flagged space at the bottom, with a small sculptured figure on a pedestal against the evergreen background. Roses used in this garden are for hedges, Yvonne Rabier, the white dwarf polyanthus, and Mme. Jules Gouchault, of the same type, but pink and sweetly fragrant. In the different squares of this garden an interesting experiment has been tried in the way of a ground cover. Here among the lines of hybrid perpetuals, to relieve the eye the garden's owner writes: "Near each tree (a birch and a cedar were there and allowed to stay) within the garden, but where its roots receive the sun, I have planted Wichuraiana, and near the yellow roses, Aviateur Blériot. These to sprawl at will, to help the eye tired of lines and lines."

The white and white-flushed bush roses used in this delightful garden are W. R. Smith, Mme. Jules Bouché, Maman Cochet (white), Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Pharaisäer, White Killarney, Ellen Willmott, Souvenir du Président Carnot, and Antoine Rivoire. The roses of a cooler or bluer tone of pink are grouped together: Jonkheer J. L. Mock, La France, Pink Killarney, Georg Arends, Caroline Testout. The yellows are Sunburst, Harry Kirk, Mme. Charles Lutaud, Mrs. Sam Ross, Mrs. Ambrose Ricardo, Mrs. Aaron Ward, Mme. Jenny Gillmot, Old Gold, Betty, Mme. Ravary, Lady Hillingdon, Duchess of Wellington. And the group of pink

touched with yellow is this: Mme. Edouard Herriot, Lady Pirrie, Mme. Ségond Weber, Mme. Léon Pain, Mme. Mélanie Soupert, Ophelia, Joseph Hill, My Maryland, Mrs. A. R. Waddell, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Mme. Edmond Rostand.

The space next below that, where most of the pink-white and yellow roses are, is glorified by two beds of clipped box in charming patterns. All this box, the arborvitæ hedge, and the low-lying junipers give a richness of background which is precisely what the rose needs. But above all it needs remoteness from other flowers if possible; it should have a place to itself, no matter how small. If I could have but ten roses, I should certainly segregate them, giving them a tiny spot hedged about, a little throne-room of their own. Roses are in a class by themselves; they should have special pride of place. And never should they be planted, as in some Western cities I have seen them, on the streets. What an insult to that flower! Municipal rose-gardens are the answer to this situation wherever it exists. And fortunately these increase in number.

This whole little heart-shaped rose-garden just now under discussion lies at the foot of a sloping bank (topped by a tennis-court) which is completely covered with climbing roses allowed to lie and heap themselves as they will. But the garden's owner has invented a delightful way of keeping bloom among these climbers throughout the summer. She has set

plants of the dwarf polyanthus Mme. Jules Gouchault everywhere between the long canes of Dr. Van Fleet and the others, so that there will be an effect of continuing bloom on that bank long after June has passed. This is an expedient to be copied, and particularly with this lovely little rose, than which there is none in its class with greater elegance and a sweeter smell. If one wished for white dwarf ramblers, not pink, to use in such a place, Yvonne Rabier might be used, or Katharina Zeimet, the last a faithfully flowering and exceedingly pretty little flower.

But now, speaking of fragrance, as I did above where Mme. Jules Gouchault was mentioned, I cannot pass by that old rose, Zephirine Drouhin, that rose often named in Miss Jekyll's books, and always with affectionate mention of its fragrance. For this has surely the sweetest scent of any rose. It is not particularly pretty—an early pink rose—it is a climbing Bourbon—but anyone who values sweet scent in roses must and should have this flower. And with the scent of roses one connects three other scents of the garden, three other plants, without which the garden, either large or small, is really not complete. Unless there is somewhere in a bed, or along a path, a good plant of lemon-verbena, one of rose geranium, and one of heliotrope, that garden, to me, is incomplete.

I must name too, Mme. Grégoire Staechelin, a

beautiful pink and fragrant climbing rose from Barcelona, Spain; and Jacotte which I first saw last June in the rain in the fine rose-garden of Mrs. Henry Ford—a glorious rose of coppery pink, with heavy dark-green foliage. There is much yellow in this climbing rose, and the fragrance here is delicious. Albertine is another of these glories among climbers, "coppery chamois inside, with the reverse bright salmon turning to coppery pink." It takes two years of growth before this rose shows what it can be, but it is said to be one of the very finest.

Like dipping into a jewel-box, it is, to read the pages of a good rose catalogue today, and as novelties in plants have been the passion of many of us who garden, so novelties in this flower of all flowers raise our enthusiasm to white heat. The thing for all rose-lovers to do is to keep a note-book, get the names of roses they admire, and send in an early order.

Let me end on a personal note. While writing of these roses, I have grown so infatuated with them that I have just sent in an order for every new one mentioned in this chapter. I *must* see them, smell them, cut them for myself before another year is out.

Even as the very smallest garden may have a rose, so too it may have a peony. As I write this, a picture comes to my mind, a stretch of road between the Country Club of Saginaw, Michigan, and the southern end of Michigan Avenue where in peony-time,

before houses large and small, the whole stretch of highway is aglow with peonies. Lines of them, beds of them, single plants, groups, peonies everywhere; and sometimes those in the yards or gardens of the smallest houses are the very loveliest of all. I really came to look for this out-of-door flower-show in June, and never did it fail me; always it strengthened my feeling that the peony more than the iris was the flower for everyone.

Now, I like irises—who does not? I would not have a garden without them; but when the peony is compared with the iris, how the former flower stands out! The peony once properly planted need not be touched with the spade for years—the iris has to be divided often. The peony lasts for days in bloom—the iris withers in twenty-four hours. The peony can be relied upon to give flower after flower in slow and dignified succession—the iris comes quickly to its opening and goes as quickly to its end. It is true that either flower, if one knows a good deal about them, can be depended upon for bloom for a long time in the early summer, through the expedient of planting early, mid-season, and late varieties of peonies and various species of the iris. Both are beautiful; each is a fine companion for the other. It is only that when one is thinking of either alone, it seems then to be the one supreme beauty in the world of flowers.

But how absurd to compare flowers, in a way!

Each has its glory, its special grace, its peculiar loveliness or charm. Still there is so much to be said for the peony, as one considers it, that one can hardly believe there is anything better in the whole world of gardening; and as one sits or stands before these noble, these glowing flowers of a June evening, there is a compelling magnificence about them, coupled with a soft beauty of texture and colour that makes one exclaim: "There never was, there never can be, anything in flowers more glorious than these."

Suppose we first discuss the treatment of the peony, the best way of growing it, and then name a few of the best and cheapest varieties. The first thing to remember in planting a peony is this; that more failures in peony-growing have probably come from too deep planting than from any other cause. By failures I mean, of course, plants that yield no flowers. Plant in September, the very best time of all; someone has estimated that peonies planted then have twenty per cent more strength than those set at any other time. Prepare your ground ahead (this is vital)—three or four months ahead always. Dig deep, enrich with old well-rotted stable manure, and let the ground lie open till you are ready to set the plants. Then—and this is the crowning point in peony-growing and the only way in which you will really get plants to bloom—set the peony tubers only two inches deep; that is, let only two inches of earth cover them. Too

deep planting, let me repeat, has resulted in more failures than we shall ever know. In November mulch the ground around the plants with old manure, but without letting it touch either the stems or the roots. Let it lie on the top of the ground around the plants only. Peonies need plenty of such food, but it must be given carefully. Set the plants three or four feet apart to allow for their large growth, and disbud—that is cut off all the side buds of each central large one when the plant is nearly ready to bloom if you wish to send your flowers to a flower-show; and where is the town or community, however small, that does not have one today? At least twice during the summer give the peonies each about a teacupful of bone meal, worked in lightly around the crowns; and when gathering your flowers, never cut the stems so long as to take every leaf with a bloom, or do this only very rarely—one or two, perhaps, from an old well-established plant. For if too many leaves are taken—and usually two should be left toward the base of the plant—the life of the plant is affected. For getting bloom on old plants that have been having nothing but leaves, one grower says this: "To force bloom on an old plant that produces nothing but buds, in September scratch back the soil and cut off half the eyes." Although I have not tried this, I recommend it and shall do it myself on one plant only. For how many of us have had year after year

no flowers on a plant to which we have given precious room, only to be disappointed each June by leaves and leaves only?

A word as to winter care and fertilizing. Cut off all peony-leaves in late autumn, and do away with these completely; do not try to use the leaves as winter covering, as some of them might be diseased, whether you know it or not. After the first hard frost of the autumn mulch your newly-set peonies—not the old ones, for they will not need it. Do this with leaves, hay, or corn-stalks, or with the latter laid on the former to keep it from blowing away. This is all that your peonies will need in the way of winter protection—only one time of care after they are first planted—for this is one of the hardiest of all plants, when well established. The thing to remember is *not* to use fresh manure as a mulch. No manure must come near a peony; either against the lower part of its stems, or against its roots, or anywhere where it can come into contact with the plant itself. This is for the reason that it is apt to breed fungus diseases of the peony. Bone meal, and a little wood-ash now and then, are the two fertilizers. The turning in of a green crop, such as clover, makes a splendid ground to promote peony growth.

I once had a favourite peony—Mme. Émile Gallé, I think it was. I happened to read in Mrs. Edward Harding's authoritative books on the peony that Walter Faxon was the one she liked best of all. How

I hurried to get that root; how carefully we watched for its first flower; how that, with its exquisite shell-pink, its beautiful roselike form, captivated me as it had Mrs. Harding; and how it has held first place in my affections ever since! From that little private garden of Richardson's near Boston, somewhere about 1890, came three marvels of peonies, Walter Faxon, Milton Hill, and Grandiflora, peonies which have never been surpassed by foreign or domestic originators; the first sells today for about four dollars. These are all rather expensive, about five dollars a root; and probably the stocks of these flowers are small still. But for pure beauty there is hardly anything to equal any of them. And for fragrance in peonies, be sure to get one plant of Lafayette, for there is no peony so sweet, so roselike in its sweet scent, as this.

Mrs. Harding's list of the cheapest and best peonies—and oh, what a difference there is between getting those that are known by an authority to be fine and buying in ignorance of this flower!—is this (all of these are free-blooming and have strong stems): —white: Couronne d'Or, Duchesse de Nemours, Festiva Maxima, Mme. Crousse, Marie Lemoine, Monsieur Dupont; pink: Mme. d'Hour, Marguerite Gérard, Monsieur Jules Élie, Octavie Demay, Souvenir de l'Exposition Universelle, Triomphe de l'Exposition de Lille; red: Augustin d'Hour, Delache, Felix Crousse, Pierre Dessert; yellow-tinted: Duke of

Wellington, Princess Irene, Solfatare; vari-coloured: Alexandre Dumas, Gloire de Charles Gombault, Jeanne d'Arc. At the time these lists were made, all but one of these peonies cost under a dollar; they may now be more, but they are all worth getting. Another great authority, Dr. A. P. Saunders, gives these as the ones he thinks the best for a dollar or less: Baroness Schröder, La Rosière, Eugénie Verdier, Grandiflora, La Perle, Felix Crousse, Festiva maxima, Carnea elegans (of Calot), Mme. de Vatry, Triomphe de l'Exposition de Lille, Edulis superba, Mme. de Galhau.

To my way of thinking, no group of peonies is complete without these beauties of the family: Thérèse, Solange, Le Cygne, Calot's Lamartine, Laura Dessert (that lovely yellow-centred one which is about fifteen dollars), Martha Bulloch, Alsace-Lorraine. Marie Crousse is one of the most delicate shell-pink peonies imaginable, and Primevère, with its white guard petals and full, pale centre, is most lovely when growing by or with Marie Crousse. Try these two; plant them side by side. And, speaking of the yellow-centred Laura Dessert, the American Peony Society is now offering a prize of a thousand dollars for a really yellow peony. This should bring great developments in peonies.

If more people who grow this glorious flower would join the American Peony Society; if more

A fine peony well grown in grass

who love roses, as I have suggested elsewhere, would join the splendid American Rose Society, which publishes each year its remarkably fine *Annual,* prepared now for fourteen years by Dr. J. Horace McFarland as a labour of love (and in the *Annual* for 1929 there is a valuable article on the control of black-spot in roses); if more who are devoted to the iris would become members of the Iris Society—how much more intelligent should we all become about special flowers; how our gardens would reflect this added knowledge and interest; and what untold pleasure would result to individual gardeners through meeting others with the same interests in flowers as their own!

In that little volume of May Sinclair's *The Dark Night* occur these lines:

> There are larkspurs in my garden,
> A hedge of blue larkspurs before a grey-gold wall;
> Flowers, a blue swarm, climbing to spire on spire.

Such blue spires are now to be seen over all the temperate part of America in her gardens, small and large, in June and in July. A veil of blue, as one thinks of it in the large, is spread over our gardens then. The delphinium is one of the really captivating flowers of the garden. There is nothing like it. Alone and proudly, it lifts its rods in the borders, over-

looks with its many varying "eyes" its neighbours in the world of flowers, and sees that it has no rivals in form, in line, and in hue.

What is the meaning of this word "delphinium"? Whence did the flower come? What were its earlier forms, as known to gardeners a quarter of a century ago? The name itself, says Bailey, comes from the Greek for "a dolphin," to which there seemed in the flower to be some resemblance. The annual kinds, so effective in every border, especially if sown two weeks apart in drifts or groups to give a long period of bloom in almost the same spot, are charming in colour, especially the very brilliant blues and the deep violets. In fact, the sowing of many packets of this deep-violet seed from time to time in almost any garden will give it an undreamed-of richness throughout flowering season.

But it is in the perennial delphinium ("larkspur" is simply the English word for delphinium, as "daffodil" is for narcissus—both embrace the whole group of their kinds) that one sees the tremendous changes in the flower. Well do I remember the first growing of the delphinium in a garden of my own. It was, to be sure, an annual, *D. chinense,* a clear light blue. The seed was sown in a parallelogram which had been dug, but not specially enriched: for this was virgin soil of the Illinois corn belt or near it; the resulting flowers were amazing in quality and colour. So remarkable were they that, on sending a photo-

graph of them to Miss Jekyll, I was asked by return mail for some of the seed, thus beginning an acquaintance which has become one of the warmest of friendships. At that time I did not know the tall perennial delphiniums; the *D. chinense* was so adorable that it seemed all-sufficient for the herbaceous border.

Where my first acquaintance was made with the taller kinds, I cannot recall now; but I know that my own first were Kelway's hybrids. One of these, La France, was long ago and still is one of the best, and several of the other named kinds have been well worth holding to throughout the gardening years. Lovely is another, and Monarch of All.

Somewhere about the year 1912 a friend from Chicago, then in London, wrote me on the evening of the day on which she had been to her first Holland House Show: "I have seen such delphiniums today as I never saw before; write at once to Blackmore and Langdon for plants." Not an hour was to pass before my letter was in the mail with an order for some of those wonderful new beauties in plants; with the result that the next summer saw a glorious row of such magnificent flowers in bloom as the Rev. E. Lancelles, with its rich violet and blue, and its singular striped eye, which makes it so distinct, the Alake of such dark rich colour, and Statuaire Rude, with its large sky-blue flowers. From time to time other superb kinds made their appearance from the

Twerton Hill Nurseries—I remember that after the war there were four very fine ones named for the leaders in England and France, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and so on. And the mere naming here of such enchanting kinds as Mrs. Townley Parker, Millicent Blackmore, Blue Boy, Sir Douglas Haig, Edward Bromet, George Cochrane, is to bring to mind a galaxy of beauty in blue, violet, and mauve.

At Wisley in 1917 took place a great trial of delphiniums. Three plants of each of two hundred and twenty-nine stocks were set out there in the autumn of 1915. They were given a fine soil and position and two years later were passed upon by the judges. The award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society was given to Moerheimi, Capri, Belladonna grandiflorum, Professor Coleman, Sir Wyndham Murray, Lady Hammick, Lamartine, Lady Georgianna Legge, Mrs. Shirley, Rozenlust, Kingston Queen, and Harry Smetham—a long list.

It was in 1921 that the Reverend Joseph Jacob, who is so truly missed from the ranks of English writers upon flowers, wrote me of the new Wrexhams, which he at once recognized as amazing departures in type and vigour from anything yet seen in this tribe. Comet-like, the Wrexham delphiniums shot across the horticultural sky in the year 1921. In June of that year Watkin Samuel, their raiser, brought to the fortnightly show of the Royal Horticultural Society some of his wonderful flowers, with

the result that they took five awards of merit then and there. For twelve years Mr. Samuel had worked over these delphiniums, and when he finally brought them to London, they were the sensation of the day. Mr. Jacob was tempted, he writes, to call them hollyhock delphiniums, their great size, the arrangement of the spike, and the general grandeur of the flower evoking this comparison. The plants in Mr. Samuel's garden at Wrexham were, some of them, nine feet in height; their colours ranged from sky-blue to deep violet; and an interesting feature was the "curious pale khaki-colour of some of the bee-like centres."

Among these marvels of delphiniums, perhaps the most striking is Monarch of Wales; this has towered and bloomed in my own borders. Its originator thus describes it: "I think this more nearly approaches my ideal than any I have yet produced. The front petals are of a purplish red, the back petals a good dark blue. The eye is white." In the third year this plant, from seed sent me by Mr. Samuel himself, was eight feet high, with superb flowers—two and a half feet of bloom on the stem. People stand almost awe-struck before these great plants, with their delightful colours of blue, mauve, purple, and pinkish; they literally look up to them. The tapering spikes, the charming spiral arrangement of the flowers that wind up the stems, as well as size and hue, have made the Wrexhams a garden wonder now for six years past.

There is still to me, about the flowers from Black-

more and Langdon, a refinement which the Wrexham delphiniums lack to a certain extent. Magnificence and delicacy can seldom go hand in hand; one must be sacrificed for the other. Still this is not to say that the Wrexhams are not superlatively beautiful and interesting, for they are both; and anyone who cares for the flower under discussion has no complete collection—knows, indeed, very little about the flower—who has not these today. Seed is to be had from several English firms, and at least one American house provides both seeds and plants. Little or nothing seems to have been said or written of a remarkably fine delphinium, seed of which came to me from Lowe and Gibson of Sussex, one which I am inclined to rate as one of the finest of the Belladonna type ever seen. This plant of medium height bears, loosely strung along the stem, immense single flowers of very pure light blue, so large, so remarkable in colour, that they certainly startle one on first sight. So far as I know, this delphinium is unnamed; but it is one to grow, to cherish, to enjoy.

Among the many signs of growing interest in America in this flower is the publication by Major Vanderbilt of San Rafael of *Better Delphiniums,* an excellent paper on the family. The Vanderbilt hybrids are widely known for their beauty, as are some of the varieties originated by Mr. Pudor of Puyallup, Washington. Mr. Pudor's flowers have interesting names: Glory of the Valley, Glory of the Mountain,

Blue Glory, Glory of Puget Sound among them. The individual florets of Glory of the Mountain measure nearly three inches across. The apotheosis of the delphinium in our time must certainly have been the show in London in the summer of 1929, by the Royal Horticultural Society, where nothing was shown but this flower. A great outburst of enthusiasm followed this charming show; never was anything like it seen before. For the first time people may have had their fill of blue flowers.

But how we love and long for blue! "Last year," writes a correspondent of the London *Times,* "Last year in my thirst for blue I let myself go and greatly overdid it. I had wide ribbons of nemophila, wider ones of *Phacelia campanularia* (a true deep sapphire), great patches of the Narbonnense linum in tender memory of Kashmir's sky-blue meadows, and wilful towering masses of Oxford-blue centaurea, beside the lupins, delphiniums and anchusa. The resultant effect was too cold, at least for an English summer, and I am now anxiously thumbing seed lists to find the right delicate yellow blossoms to give the requisite warm relief. I am planning Welsh Poppies (meconopsis), *Argemone mexicana,* and antirrhinums of a deep creamy yellow." This brings us to the associate plants for the delphinium—those that form its best complement in colour and in form and habit of growth. I believe my own most happy experiment in this way has been such a group as this, a

group which happened, which was not planned: delphinium Capri stood at the right of this company of flowers, with the rich purple *Salvia virgata nemorosa* below it, and the tall pale-yellow *Thalictrum glaucum* at the back. In the centre the white bloom of *Clematis recta* of middle height came in well, and the picture seemed really a pretty one.

There was a time when the heart's desire of every new-fledged gardener was to see great rows of delphiniums in full flower faced by other rows of *Lilium candidum*. Happily that time passed. No one grows this magnificent blue garden subject in rows. No one grows it even in over-large masses. People understand too well now that a mass of delphinium, like a mass of anchusa, may with fatal ease become a mere blue spot in the border. They break such possible tiresomeness in flowers by means of contrasting forms and colours, by considering both flowers and foliage.

After all is said and done, the mystery of the blue flower holds everyone who knows the garden. *"Vouées au bleu"* is the expression given to little maids of France to signify their devotion to the central figure of their religion. *"Voués au bleu"* are we of the garden to whom the scilla, the myosotis, the mertensia, the cornflower, the nigella, the cynoglossum, the anchusa, and the delphinium are flowers that by their heavenly colour lift the heart toward heaven.

VII

GARDEN TALK FOR MAY

I have lately seen two important new bridges: the monumental stone bridge over the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, designed by M. Paul Cret, and the long, idyllic jade-green span over the blue-and-silver Matanzas Bay at Saint Augustine, Florida, the work of Mr. J. E. Greiner. I have been thinking about bridges—not alone of their beauty, but of their use. And I have thought: "How delightful if in some of my writing I may perhaps build a little bridge of garden interest between me and the reader of these pages, a bridge over which shall walk all sorts of pleasant ideas between us as to the best ways of gardening, the most important way in which to begin, the loveliest of gardening materials with which to make small places more interesting, more fit to live in than they may be now!" A bridge of friendship this is sure to become, if it is properly built and quickly used; for nothing in this world—and so I have proved to myself during a long life of gardening—brings people together more intimately, or on a better plane, than a common interest in gardening.

So much for what I think of gardening as related to people. Now let us go to something very practical and discuss once more the planning of a garden. And we shall take it for granted that a garden here means the garden of a very small place; of a property perhaps not more than a hundred by a hundred and fifty feet, or a trifle larger. Impossible, I hear someone say, to make a place of this size into a thing of perfect beauty. Perfectly, entirely possible, I reply, if time, thought, and a little money are spent on the garden—not much money—although beginnings in gardening, as in all the occupations, cost something for original materials.

No one with any mind at all would today consider building a house without advice from an architect, or a remarkably able builder, unless he himself had had training or practice in building. So it should be with a garden. The plan on paper is the first step after the land is had—the plan made on that sort of pad, blocked off by blue lines into little squares, on which a sketch may be drawn to scale so easily. And first the type, the kind of garden, must be settled on.

Shall this be formal or informal? For the decision really must be made before the plan is drawn. In the small place my sympathies are all with the formal plan, and for these reasons: first, it means the more economical use of space; next, it conforms better to the rectangular lines of a house, of a piece of ground; and, last of all, it allows of better use of little hedges,

of pretty architectural effects in living green, than does the informal way of letting shrubs and plants surround a house rather meaninglessly on all sides. "All's fair that's fit" says the old English motto, and never were there better words than these to remember while planning a garden.

Screen out, by your planting, anything ugly or monotonous seen from your land. An elm, judiciously placed, especially one of the beautiful American elms sold by a nursery near Chicago (grafted by women, I am told, and used in the Boston park system), so shapely and so strong, will give the loveliest of all green barriers against a tiresome building, or a prospect that is unpleasant. But it should be placed so that its shade will not interfere with flower borders; it must be set with due regard for other things. High hedges of shrubbery below the elm will cover its growing trunk or stem and provide seclusion for those who sit in the garden. If such thing as Japanese quince, some of the new and fine philadelphuses, such as Avalanche and Virginal, are also used, or some of the newer lilacs, like Macrostachya (than which no lovelier pink-flowered thing exists) or the bluish Émile Gentil, for instance, or the heavenly white Edith Cavell, with its pinnacles of pure flowers, then a resource for cutting for the house is gained, as well as a hedge to screen and give privacy. Walks, beds (not round ones if you can help it, but always rectangular), with here and there a curve where it

seems absolutely to fit, should be drawn in upon this plan, one walk, at least, to end on a little platform of paving, of brick, or of gravel, well embowered with foliage, where a seat or two can be placed for talk and tea in the garden. A little vegetable garden can almost always be included in such a plan; and the requisite square feet must be left for the garage, that necessary space-taker of our day.

In the matter of walks, be sure that your walk *needs* to exist; never lay out a path without a reason. Like the pergola, which should never be built unless it conducts to something and is therefore not detached, it must connect point with point. Grass walks are good where there is not too much wear and tear. Gravel, if fine, is an excellent material; brick is charming if there is brick about the house or in its walls; and stone or coloured slate paving suits some types of houses best of all.

As for seats and ornaments, the best advice is to have just as few as possible. Place a seat in a spot which you find calls for it. Try your garden first by using chairs carried from the house during one summer—that is, unless you know where a bench will actually be needed—and if possible have such a bench rest on brick or stone, that the wood may not rot so quickly and that one may sit on it with comfort after a shower. This brick or stone may lie on coal-cinders about a foot deep, with sand below that. Make a little bower of some sort of shrub or small

Flower of Thorn in May

tree and get in that way a place in which to sit in privacy with a friend. Never have a marble seat in the garden of the ordinary type. People have them —yes—but they make themselves look foolish thereby; unless the house is of marble or of stone, a house on lordly lines, the marble seat is out of place. Wood is the best material; simply designed wooden benches are comfortable and good to look at. And paint of the right hue will materially help the picture of the whole garden.

Garden ornament—fountains, statuary, even bird-baths that are conspicuous—should be only very carefully indulged in, statuary almost never. There is danger here to the little garden. It is easy to get a cluttered look; and the simpler the small garden is, the better will its general effect be always. There is one broad expedient in garden-making, however, which is almost always good; that is, where a difference in level exists in the lot, terracing, making a shallow step or two from one level to the other; and where such a difference does not exist, giving variety by raising the grade of a part of the garden, if this is not too costly. True charm is added to the garden where even slight terracing is well done; and where a tiny retaining wall of stone or brick can be built to hold back the earth of the upper level, there is against this wall a delicious chance for planting tulips, daffodils, and all smaller things of spring. The use of water in the little garden, ornamental

water, should never be forced. Where water *looks* expensive it is never really pretty. A large pool in a garden in a barren country is never so attractive as a trickle of falling water in such a place. Never force the use of water in a little garden and do not give up too much space to it, unless the water-lily is to be a special feature.

All I have said thus far is by way of generalizing. Now let us come down to particulars. The seed catalogues have long since come to each gardener. How shall we use them, what shall we order? In the first place, let me say that these are the best books on gardening; these provide, not only materials, but plenteous suggestion as to the use of them, all sorts of information as to growing seeds and plants. They have been improving for many years now and it is hard to see how they could be much better than they are. Keep your catalogues carefully. I tie mine into packages with twine or tape, labelling the topmost one of each package thus: Roses, Gladioli, Daffodils, Tulips, Seeds, Perennials, Trees, Shrubs, Foreign, and so on, my most precious one at present being "Rare and New Things." There is not a seedsman or nurseryman in this country that cannot and will not answer promptly and with fullness any question concerning gardening and kindred subjects. You should feel free to write to those whose catalogues you have. And in May you should, if this has not been already

done, send for your seeds of perennial plants to be sown in July, or possibly a little earlier, for good blooming plants for the following year. Such things as delphiniums, both the tall and the three-foot ones, *Delphinium chinense,* with its marvellously brilliant blues, columbines, or aquilegias, now so magnificent in their various hydrids, such as Mrs. Scott Elliott's; hardy pinks, hollyhocks—and have you ever seen the wondrous pale-pink one called Sensation? If not, you have not had a vision of what the hollyhock can be.

May is the very time, too, to sow seeds of annual flowers. I am sorry for the person who does not know the new zinnias, Old Rose and Exquisite, if they like tones of warm pink in their garden. These are the new California Giants, so called, and wonderful effects they give in gardens, both north and south. Seeds of the violet velvet petunia can be sown now, unless this has been done early in boxes; and I like best of any, thus far, Burpee's Blue Balcony, a flower of great size and most lovely colour. Much can be done with the petunia to make it a garden beauty; it can be staked up straight in the border; some of its branches can be allowed to fall; or if it has to lie on hot brick or gravel, it does not complain, for like those lovely annuals verbenas (not mixed in colour) and zinnias, the hotter the weather gets, the better these lusty little things seem to like it.

Speaking of verbenas, I might say that Beauty of Oxford is of a very fine rose-pink, a clear tone, with no eye in the floret, and Mayflower is a fine newer one of apple-blossom hue.

Ageratum, Blue Perfection, is needed in any garden as a "between plant." Its soft lavender-blue flowers, its ever-blooming qualities, make it vitally necessary. Candytuft, both white and lavender, the annual gypsophilas, that little-known annual here the sidalcea, white alyssum for small pockets of flowers here and there toward the front of a border, clarkia, the variety called Salmon Queen, so lovely for the garden and so enchanting on the lunch or dinner table (especially if the whole plant in full bloom is pulled by the roots and allowed to stand gracefully, as it will, in a bowl of good colour). Other beauties in annuals are nigella Miss Jekyll, with very short-lived blooms, but of a luscious blue, and the dwarf phloxes, especially the buff Isabellina and the warm coppery pink called Chamois Rose. Somewhere among these annuals, as they bloom in your garden, preferably beside a walk, where you may easily reach down and snatch a leaf or two, to give to a friend as you walk by, there should be at least one plant each of the old lemon-verbena and the rose geranium. There are few pleasures comparable to that of seeing the delight of those who are handed a sprig or two of these delicious things; clipped from or picked, the bushes seem to grow the better; and the garden

has sentiment in it even when it is new if these plants are on hand.

But May is the time too in which to look at all the Holland bulbs in bloom. Our gardens are full of them. So intense has become the interest in these spring subjects that we are almost in danger of repeating the old tulip mania of Holland. Small wonder that we are excited over tulips and daffodils. They proclaim the spring. And in this country where, in northern states, we have an outburst of spring bloom from flowering trees, and shrubs and plants and bulbs below them, such a picture as no foreign land can show, one is carried away by the loveliness and longs to bring a bit of it into one's own ground. Well, and why not? Some of the finer tulips are not so costly; daffodils are prohibited now from entering the country, but the more hopeful among us see one or two signs of a supply here. Let me give one or two suggestions for the planting of tulips and daffodils, while urging everyone to visit every spot where they are grown intelligently, and especially any tulip-grower's ground in this country and abroad. Go to Haarlem, to Noordwÿk, to Lisse or Hillegom, in the spring; give up one or two new dresses if you must, but take this journey between mid-April and mid-May, not forgetting your fur coat when you leave. See the commercial gardens on Long Island and in New Jersey when tulips bloom; and always take the note-book with you. For the note-

book is the life-preserver of those who garden. Often I have had to have it flung out to me in the form of a few odd leaves of paper when I have forgotten mine. It is always possible to keep the garden head above water if, the visits over, these little jottings lie comfortably and securely in the bottom of one's bag. Never garden, never even think you can garden, without a note-book in which, under proper dates, all activities are put down for reference.

Let me name a few tulips, great favourites of mine; and let me remind the reader that the bulb lists will be filling the mails in May, and that the early writer of orders will catch the first tulip.

Without paying much attention to the older ones among tulips, such as the rose-pink Clara Butt, the fine lavender Rev. H. Ewbank (Darwin tulips), or to the single early ones such as the charming Brunhilde of soft lemon-colour, or the fine pure-white Lady Boreel, let us consider a few of the newer finer kinds and then the matter of planting for effect.

Which tulip, I think to myself, would be most difficult for me to give up of all that I have ever grown? I believe it would be Zomerschoon. As Oranjeboven is to me the most enchanting of all hyacinths, so is this tulip the most lovely, the most fascinating. It is the oldest tulip in cultivation, and its colours of ivory and pale flame-pink, interlaced in so-called flakes or feathers on the petals, the graceful slender

lines of its cup, make it an object of the rarest beauty among tulips. A group of ten or twelve of these—they are costly, I must warn you of that—holding their heads above a few blooming plants of myosotis Royal Blue or Perfection, or possibly *M. dissitiflora,* the earlier one, is a sight to see. The forget-me-not's blue seems most perfectly to complement the cream and soft warm pink of Zomerschoon's fine head; and he who has this little group in his May border is a happy man. Rosabella, as I have said before, is a Darwin of delicious soft pink, and this I have grown below one of the most interesting and unusual of all species lilacs, *Syringa pubescens,* a lilac unlike any other, which may be seen in bloom, during May, in the magnificent collections at Highland Park, Rochester, New York, and in the Arnold Arboretum, Boston. Look up this lilac, see for yourself its delicate flowers, with their sweet heliotrope-like scent. Make up your mind to own one at least; and then grow tulip Rosabella below even your young plant of the syringa. "Syringa!" I hear you exclaim —"that is the name of the mock-orange!" Oh, no; it is not; it is the botanical name of the lilac; philadelphus is the mock-orange; and the sooner we stop calling the mock-orange a syringa, the more intelligent we shall be horticulturally, all of us.

But this is an aside; and, returning to tulips, three more I would name are Valentin again, a magnificent

deep-violent Darwin; Inglescombe Pink, of soft tones of amber and rose colour (these two are beautiful together); Ellen Willmott, pure pale yellow, and very cheap as tulips go; Bouton d'Or, a deep rich yellow, interesting to grow near Miss Willmott, especially if the new deep-purple viola Jersey Gem is running below these two in little streams of colour, or deep-purple pansies; and the tawny orange tulips Turenne, Apricot, and the Old Dutch tulip Prince of Orange. If a packet of seed is sown of the comparatively new perennial wallflower of a clear light-orange *Cheiranthus allioni,* a profusely blooming plant, and a dozen or two of each of these tulips named just now are ordered, to be set among or just behind the wallflower, one of the gayest and most rewarding spring pictures will surely come.

Tulips and lilacs, if well used together, form as fine spring pictures as can be had. And on this I have dwelt in other pages. But now space goes; and I will end by giving a timely and practical hint concerning the cutting of lilacs, for often we do not realize why they so quickly fade in water. Cut the flowers only in morning or evening, never in full sun; with a sharp knife, peel off the bark all around the lower end of the stem for four inches upwards; split up the stem for the same distance; plunge the sprays as far down into cool water as the flowers, and set them in a dark place for several hours. Now your lilacs will keep in the house, even in warm rooms,

for a week; and this treatment of course is good for any woody-stemmed flowers which seem usually to droop after cutting.

But this talk is only the scratching of the surface when it comes to a discussion of May flowers, or work in May—

> Oh gallant flow'ring May,
> Which month is painter of the year,
> As some old clerks do say.

VIII

GARDEN TALK FOR JULY

"Show me your garden," says the author of *The Happy Garden,* "and I will tell you what you are, and if you like me you are bound to like my garden; for gardening, like every other art, is an implacable mirror of the soul and as yet there is no curtain of false criticism between it and you."

"Show me your garden"—yes, show it in July, that month in which, if bloom is there at all, it will be there in almost the greatest abundance of summer. But it is now, too, that work in the garden is necessary as never before. Now it is that weeds thrive lustily; now the insect tribe begin their feastings on leaf and flower with special zest; now the sun beats down fiercely and delicate things have to be covered or watered with special care; now the bulb list, if not yet sent in, must be; and now, too, seeds of perennials must be sown for fine plants in the year to come.

In the garden in early July the prevailing colour is surely blue—that heavenly, that ever-coveted colour

—with delphiniums of various tones of blue, and of varying heights, from the small Blue Butterfly to the towering Wrexhams, reaching nearly eight feet. And before turning to the more practical side of the growing of this plant, I may say as a sort of aside that the one I like, thus far, best of any I have seen is a type from English seed; a plant perhaps three feet tall or four, of the Belladonna type, with large single flowers, loosely held, up the stalk and of the most adorable shades of turquoise-blue that ever I have seen in any flower. Imagine these grown in conjunction with some of the deep violets of the annual larkspur, now so easy to get in named varieties of seed—one would have a garden sensation in this month. And if this group should be rounded out by a foreground of dwarf zinnias, started early from seed so as surely to bloom when the two larkspurs were in flower (such a zinnia as Exquisite), the picture would be worth a glimpse in this month. In July, too, one thinks, must think, of colour-arrangement for the coming year; and since blues and violets together are among my own special delights in flowers, let me name one or two combinations of such things. The morning-glory of pure cobalt-blue, known as *Ipomœa rubro-cærulea,* with the dark petunia Elks Purple; the fine annual *Verbena venosa,* a rosy purple with *Lobelia tenuior* below it (annuals both); violet petunias, again, with a pale-blue dwarf lobelia near, such as Cambridge Blue—nothing is nicer in any

garden, nothing more unusual in colour-contrast than these.

But, carried away once more by colour, I must return to the work. And this seems to be the place for giving the antidote against delphinium blight once more, for that tight blackening of the flower buds in June and July, for that crumbling of the upper leaves which so dismays the lover of delphiniums in many gardens now. This is the recipe: Take four pounds of unslaked lime; put it into a gallon of boiling water; add one pound of tobacco dust, mixing thoroughly. Add enough water to make five gallons. Apply it to the roots of the plants, one teacupful at a time, being sure that the soil is well loosened around the plants before pouring on the mixture. When you cannot get tobacco dust, use tobacco stems, soaking them till the water is very brown and then mixing with the lime-water. These treatments should be begun when the plants are about six inches high in the spring; after two or three applications for a week or two, discontinue them. Start again in two weeks if the signs of blight keep on.

I will not say that this lime-tobacco rule will do away with blight; but if applied to young plants, early in the season and once a week, faithfully, it has in many cases helped to wipe out the trouble. If blight becomes too severe, however, the plants must be uprooted and burned. It is the only way. Fresh earth should then be dug into the places where the

infected plants stood, or a new site chosen for the next set.

Unless July is well spent, the next year's garden will not be what it can and should be. The spring garden, if not yet already planned, should be all set down now on paper. Not only should a little sketch or plan be made, but the bulb order should be written. Such seeds should be ordered as those of the lovely low-growing things, such as aubrietia in its purple tones. Of rock cress (especially the double arabis, more like a tiny white stock as it shows itself among gay tulips) I think only plants are to be had, not seeds. This has always been to me one of the most lovely things of the spring, and in July it may be transplanted. *Daphne cneorum* too, which, with its charming pink and fragrant blossoms, will bloom next May should be ordered now. For seeds of biennials to put in now, foxglove (digitalis) should be secured, the white rather than the muddy pink, to my way of thinking. Seed of Canterbury bells (*Campanula medium*) should have been sown very early in boxes or trays, or, failing that, in the open ground when warm enough. July is too late for out-of-door sowing of these seeds in the latitude of Boston; the plants will not be large enough by autumn to give assurance of blooming the next year in June.

In a little seed-bed of things for next year I should certainly have the following; and if by September the seedlings are still too small to transplant, they

could be carefully covered over with grass or straw and moved in the spring to permanent spots. For the right kind of perennial seeds I should begin with delphinium; some good English kinds, the Wrexham strain, those tallest, most magnificent of the family. Seed of the Regal lily (*Lilium regale*) should most certainly be tried, since this gives flowers in the second year, and as the bulbs increase in size, they will give larger blooms. No lily surpasses this in garden value. Primrose (*primula*) seed should be sown now; two or three kinds, such as those invaluable and most lovely Munstead primroses in all shades of cream colour and pale yellow, and the superb *Primula pulverulenta,* with its whorls of crimson flowers at exact intervals up the grey stems—this is a revelation in primroses to those who have not seen it—and *P. bulleyana,* growing much as the last-named does and very beautiful. These do well in rather moist and partly shaded places. A little seed of the hardy alyssum should go into the ground now. I almost hesitate to give the name of this plant—*Alyssum saxatile compactum sulphureum*—this fearsome name for that gentlest little inhabitant of the borders, about eight inches in height, with grey leaves and lemon-yellow flowers, lovely below daffodils and tulips, and with the primroses named above, since it blooms only in May. *Nepeta mussini* (catmint) is a plant absolutely needed in the good small garden. Seed of this can be sown now. It is another low grey-

The satin-pink hollyhock "Sensation"

leaved thing, with lavender flower spikes in very early summer. Its foliage alone is a garden godsend for foreground plantings. Columbine or *aquilegia* seed must now go into the ground. Try Mrs. Scott Elliott's strain and a new variety said to be very fine, Farquhar's Pink. For yellow flowers there is *Coreopsis lanceolata.* It must be sown in the border with care, because of its bright, rather harsh colour. I should like the new *Euphorbia polychroma,* from its description—with light-yellow leaves on a bract around the small yellow flowers, and dark-green leaves below. Geum would probably make a good neighbour for the coreopsis. The geum known as Mrs. Bradshaw, a scarlet variety of this fine plant, would be capital to use with the two yellows named above. All these seeds can be sown in July, the earlier the better.

July holds the best weeks too in which to order bulbs for next spring's flowering. How can one get along in gardening, or in life, without the thought of surely seeing in bloom in April and May such hyacinths as the superb King of the Blues (not blue, but lavender, as everybody knows) and Schotel of the same tones—without City of Haarlem, palest yellow, and Oranjeboven, so beautiful when planted below a coral-pink flowering Japanese quince and with which the new beauty in single hyacinths, Distinction by name, a dark claret-coloured flower, is so entirely delightful? How one thinks in winter, if these bulbs

are safely in good ground, of the coming pictures made by such early flowering tulips as De Wet, with daffodil Lucifer interplanted; of tulip Fred Moore growing up through the dark-leaved common myrtle (*Vinca minor*), with daffodil Mme. de Graaff near by—of Le Rêve, that tulip of the rose of an old tapestry, with *Mertensia virginica* (the Virginian cowslip), native of the lovely Delaware meadows, as its neighbour—of tulip Wouverman, with the bluish grape-hyacinth (muscari Heavenly Blue) by its side. Then, coming to the late tulips, there is an ecstasy of delight in colour and form ahead of one through such flowers as Zwanenburg, the rare white Darwin, Afterglow, Anton Mauve, Mr. Hoover, Valentin, Apricot, Inglescombe Pink, Garibaldi, Ambrosia, Rosabella, Ellen Willmott, Mme. Buyssens, Mrs. Kerrell, Salmonea, John Ruskin, The Fawn—their name is legion.

And, while looking over bulb lists, do not forget or pass by the little bulbs—those lovely small things that flower earlier than most daffodils, earlier than most tulips—that almost have the spring to themselves. Get scillas, grape-hyacinths, puschkinias, those little dimity-looking flowers, blue and white striped; get Glory of the Snow (chionodoxa) and some of the tiny species daffodils such as *Narcissus minimus,* and the hoop-petticoat narcissus; and in buying daffodils remember that Reverend Joseph Jacob, who knew so much about these flowers, says that "daffodil" in

English, and "narcissus" in Latin cover in names the whole family of these beauties of the spring. These two words mean the same flower and also mean all varieties of that flower. But do not wait one moment before ordering any of these fine things; the rush for them is unprecedented now—delay means a year's waiting for garden sights only to be had in spring. And do not be content with the lists of well-known, of more familiar, tulips. Try a few of the new Mendel tulips, buy some of the beautiful Rembrandts and Bizarres named in almost every list now, and not nearly well enough known in American gardens.

In July, too, it is that one must take a look backward to iris and peony bloom and a look forward to getting and planting these two great garden subjects for the coming year. If you are in a northern climate, it may be that the fine blue of that most lovely Siberian iris is still lingering in your borders, Perry's Blue; that a late peony plant may still hold some of its round and scented flowers. But it is more likely that if you are a true gardener, you are now engaged, as I often am, at this season, in cutting off basketfuls of browning peony flowers to empty upon a sheet laid down on the grass; or in going about with shears to cut off every shrivelled flower of iris so that the slim green leaves may yet give a fresh and not a wretched look to the place where they stand. August is the month in which the bearded iris is best

transplanted, September that for the peony. Make up your mind above all things to have a few new kinds —or even one new kind—of each of these flowers. If you have not had a Walter Faxon among your peonies, do not let another year go by without it. Remember that a peony, like an iris, is one of the best investments one can make; the dividends come thick and fast in the way of tubers and rhizomes; and the interest, in many senses of the word, increases in an almost startling way.

Suppose I name here ten of the finer new irises and as many peonies. Do you think that these can be said to be the best of their race? Experts are always disagreeing about the best in flowers, and naturally, for it is in the end a question of individual taste. But some things are always outstanding, either in gardens or at shows; and among them are the ones whose names I now give.

These names are taken from lists set down by two of the highest authorities in this country on the iris and the peony; some of the plants I have grown and know well; others I accept as very fine on the word of those who have made studies of the iris and peony. Among irises, here are fine varieties of some of the tall bearded kind: Miranda, blue-violet; Bluet, blue-lavender; Souvenir de Mme. Guadichau; Shekinah, clear yellow; Taj Mahal, white; Ballerine, lavender; and Delicatissima, a light-pink pallida iris; Virginia Moore; Thorbecke, white and violet. For

Rose-pink poppies in July

later bloom, three Siberian irises; Perry's Blue, Snow Queen, and Butterfly.

Among peonies: Martha Bulloch, the delicious pink; Walter Faxon, already mentioned, with one of the loveliest light hues ever seen in a peony; Solange, with a faint suggestion of tea-rose hues in its petals; Midsummer Night's Dream, with a "tinge of yellow in the centre of the white flower"; Thérèse, a large loose-petalled flower of palest pink, really a blush-pink and, I think, a great beauty, unlike any other peony; Richardson's Grandiflora, one of the noblest and finest of flowers, again a pale pink; among peonies with yellow centres, Laura Dessert, with a round symmetrical tuft of clear light-yellow petaloids against its white outer or guard petals, a beauty; and Marie Lemoine, of a lovely shell-pink, not to be described in words. Plant these next each other; you will not be sorry, and the two Lamartines —Calot's Lamartine, a huge cool-pink flower, with silvery under sides of deep-pink petals; and Lemoine's, a compact cup-shaped peony, also of a deep pink, but quite different from the peony originated by the other French grower. Primevère is another of the beautiful yellow-centred peonies. A list of inexpensive peonies should always include Asa Gray, Baroness Schröder, and Mme. Émile Gallé, but it is well, where one can, to branch out and order one or two more costly ones recommended by those who know peonies and whose advice saves, not only time,

but money too. A long period of bloom in peonies is not hard to get if one studies the subject thoroughly by means of the well-arranged lists we have now. Almost all of these give the period of bloom, as early, mid-season, and late; and by arranging a peony border with alternating plants, one can have the effect of continuous flowering for several weeks in spring and early summer.

Often people ask: "Why do my peonies not bloom?" Ten reasons are given by the authority on peonies whom I follow, and here they are as they occur in her excellent book:[1]

1. Roots reaching the end of a useful existence.
2. Transplantation of large roots without division.
3. Recent transplantation.
4. Divisions from roots that are too old.
5. Divisions from weak and overworked stock.
6. Too deep planting.
7. Improper location.
8. Exhausted or infected soil.
9. Late frosts.
10. Diseased plants.

Yes, there are lions in the way; there are with everything undertaken that is worth while; but they may be fought with modern science and with the experience of others, and peonies are worth fighting for. Once established they yield such a harvest

[1] Mrs. Edward Harding: *Peonies for the Little Garden;* The Little Garden series (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

The hardy amaryllis, Lycoris squamigera

of delights as few other plants will give; the sweet scent of peony Lafayette, the distinguished beauty of Mrs. C. S. Minot, the interesting form of the old Gloire de Charles Gombault, the loveliness of the wonderful white yellow-stamened clusters of Alsace-Lorraine—as one writes of these, all other flowers seem to recede and the glorious peony tribe to take pride of place for the garden.

July, too, is the month in which we are tempted to sit in the garden. Warmth permits it, beauty compels it. In an experience with many garden clubs in various stages of development, I have noticed that the idea of forming such groups usually originates in the garden itself. The very looking at and discussing of flowers together bring the thought "How much better if more of us were together to talk over gardening as we are doing now!" and then some leading spirit asks a dozen gardeners to meet with her, a little organizing is done, and the garden club is launched on its career—one of the best careers that any organization can have today. The power of garden clubs was long since proved in this country, though I doubt if the oldest existing one is more than twenty-five or thirty years old. Not only do we see now these clubs springing up in even the smallest towns and suburbs, but large state and national federations are forming everywhere; the enthusiasm thus started will make us a gardening country the like of which the world has never seen.

In other places I have given some suggestions as to the forming of a garden club; but a few of these may be repeated here. Keep your club small in the beginning; it is far easier to enlarge than to cut down; twenty is a good number for the first year, in most places. Keep it very active. Do not let anyone slip into it who is not likely to preserve a continuing interest and who will not hold up her end in the matter of writing, secretarial work, programmaking and so on. If idlers are admitted, the club will languish. Make a vital, a working interest in gardening the great qualification for admission; but for the general pleasure it is important, too, to remember that only those who would in any case get on well together should be associated in so intimate a way as this. I remember a reply made by the coloured headwaiter to a friend of mine at one of the Southern springs years ago when she asked him to seat her at a table with pleasant people: "Oh, yas, Miss Isabel, I always tries to put people together what congeals." Be sure that you have people in your garden club whose tastes, in the main, are alike.

As for meetings, whether there shall be winter or summer meetings or both must be decided by your climate, and by the habits of your members. The important thing with regard to meetings is that sooner or later all should take part, and that a definite object for work, whether some rather intensive study of gardening for your own benefit, or some

civic help in the way of the planting of a public building or park, the interesting of your own region in the preservation of wild flowers (and I wish the poem "A New Promise," appearing over the name of Ariadne Gilbert in *Good Housekeeping* for March 1928, might be read before every garden club everywhere), the organizing of small flower-shows, the growing, as a club, of some special family of plants; above all, the learning and teaching of the principles of design, of fitness in gardening. An experience meeting at the end of the summer is always interesting, one in which members are allowed only three or four minutes in which to tell of their achievements, disappointments, or special interests. Much can be said in even that short time.

Visits to gardens at a distance are easily arranged now by garden clubs; the motor makes everything possible, simple, for travelling; and the average owner of a good garden is usually glad to have fellow-gardeners inspect his or her possession. Never make such visits without a note-book. Some garden clubs now keep loose-leaf books for their programs year by year; and notes of garden visits could easily be added to these each season.

IX

GARDEN TALK FOR SEPTEMBER

Blessed be September, for then come still and sunny days when one can sit in the garden to enjoy it: when plans can most reasonably be made for next year's garden improvement, garden beauty. In such days come many ideas which it is not—as it is so often—too late to carry out. Now the note-book with its many spring and summer pencillings should be taken into the garden and quietly consulted and considered: a pad and pencil for suggestions of changes of position, for orders, for general charting of the places of plants, must accompany the note-book. It has been my own habit, on such sweet quiet days as September always has to offer, to take a light wicker chair and table to a little spot in our place known as the rose-garden—a very secluded place—and then to let no one know where I was, so that the necessary thinking and writing might be done without interruption.

Turning now, however, to September work, the saving of tree-leaves is an important business for the end of this month and the whole month of October.

For more years than I like to confess to, we burned most of our leaves: but of late we have seen the error of our ways. They have been gathered and piled with a few posts and some four-foot chicken wire to corral them. In the spring, light layers of lime or wood-ash are mixed through them, and by fall there is always a good amount of leaf-mould, or humus, for garden purposes—invaluable for enriching the soil and giving to such plants as azaleas, peonies, and lilacs some of the very food they need.

Another thing that may be done in September with good hope for spring effect is the remaking of a lawn; and, if sown early in the month in the latitude of Boston, grass seed can be expected to give a good cover of green before winter, and gain several points on spring work in consequence. Almost every seed list gives directions now for lawn-making, but I might suggest the use of an equal mixture of blue grass and red top seed as a rather good combination of grass seed to begin with. Several inches of good soil—six or eight at least—are essential to use as a top for any lawn whose base is clay, and more than that if sand is the gardener's portion. And do remember that the line of a lawn for grading should always be a dipping or concave line, never the convex or bulging one. The artificial effect seen on many of our small grass plots before rows of houses in suburbs and towns through the use of the wrong kind of grading of the lawn is a sad thing; the lawns seem

slightly humped and the tranquil natural effect is not there.

At any time after August fifteenth, in a season of average moisture, evergreens of most kinds can be transplanted. Here is one of the most delightful occupations of gardening. To take a tree, large or small, lift it from one spot, put it in another, and have a total change of picture in both places—what a delicious sensation for the gardener who studies his little place as a painter does his canvas! I may add here, however, that I think the massing of small evergreens about the foundations of houses is sadly overdone at present. The first few plantings of this kind were interesting enough because there seemed not only a reasonableness about them, but a certain originality; but now on every hand, especially in the subdivisions outside of the large cities, these same plantings of arborvitæ and of yew, of cedar and of dwarf conifers of other kinds, appear and reappear almost *ad nauseam*. The point is that everybody seems to follow everybody else in such a matter as this; and there are so many varieties of evergreens, there are so many lovely hardy shrubs to use in connexion with them, that gardeners should make more use of their own minds with regard to masses of green for the masking of that sometimes ugly joining of foundation wall and lawn. Sometimes, too, it is well to let the despised line show a little and to use groups

at strategic points, instead of a continuous set of mounds of green.

But about the moving of these fine trees, green in winter as in summer, lovely in April and May with leaf-buds of exquisite tones of green, let me say a word or two. Now, while it is really better to move conifers before the middle of May, yet if work has been too pressing in the spring and this has not been done, such trees may be transplanted in September with an assurance of safety for them if these directions are carried out.

The hole should be prepared with special care. It should be at least twice as large as the spread of the roots of the tree to be set in it. From their known habitats one gathers that they like a sandy light soil, and this should be kept in mind when digging and preparing the hole. Such a hole should be two to two and a half feet deep. Take up your evergreen, keeping the roots covered every moment that you can, for many good specimens are lost through the slight drying of the roots. See that the soil at the bottom of the hole is well spaded and loose, pile some of this in the centre of the hole, set the tree on that small heap, and fill in when you have the tree at the right height for hole and general position, working in well-pulverized earth around the small fibrous roots of the evergreen and tamping it down well with a piece of rounded wood. When the hole

is about half full, the rest of the space to the top should be filled with water and allowed to stand till all is absorbed. The hole may then be filled to the top with earth, but a downward slant toward the tree should be planned for the top soil. "Never," says an authority, "plant an evergreen when the soil is damp and sticky." After the trees are set, give the *leaves* water twice a day, sprinkling with a hose, for three weeks at least on every day that it does not rain. Too much trouble, say you? No, not when one considers the great desirability of the evergreen, its winter beauty, its delightful contrast with other foliage, its permanent qualities, its pictorial ones. This practice of watering the whole tree twice each day, morning and night, is always observed by a friend of mine, a landscape architect, and during many years of it she has never lost a transplanted evergreen. If the season is dry, cautious watering should be given once a week to the roots too; but remember that autumn as a rule does not call for so much water about things as does a dry spring. There is likely to be more moisture in the atmosphere, and the coolness of that atmosphere in itself is a help.

I will only call attention to one type of evergreen which Professor Sargent considered the handsomest of all. This is the concolor fir. It is unsuited to the small place if one wants to see it in its full beauty, though I have lately seen a most beautiful decorative use of it where two specimen trees, ten feet tall or

over, flanked the entrance door of a beautiful house of moderate size near Detroit. But to see this tree of glorious pyramidal form, of lovely dusky green with some blue in its foliage, to see it rise to its own stature, some twenty-five feet in height or more, with a spread eventually of twenty feet at the base, is to experience a sensation. The Colorado blue spruce is not the tree for Eastern gardens that this is; that, while young, is attractive, but difficult to use well in a small planting because of its extreme blue colour; and as it ages, it becomes a ragged pole. This is proved by the specimens left as a warning in the Arnold Arboretum at Boston.

Bulb-planting begins in late September and wonderful effects are bound to come in spring with the use of the right things together. It is of course a little late to order, but during early September there are very likely to be bargains in tulips and even in some of the small bulbs, which may be picked up by the gardener with an eye for such things. If you are so fortunate as to own even one pink-flowering plum (*Prunus triloba*)—and these should not be grafted, but always grown on their own roots—plant below its delicate branches as many muscari Heavenly Blue, the purplish grape-hyacinth, as you can possibly secure. The spreading of this lovely little spring-flowering thing below clouds of pink roselike flowers is one of the sweetest of all spring sights. In a shady place, below shrubs, that nice hardy plant *Ajuga*

reptans gives in May a mist of purplish blue, with its tiny spires of flower. It not only is charming as a ground cover in unlikely spots, but increases steadily as the seasons go on.

But now new plants must be quickly ordered too; and a list of some good combinations of perennial and annual flowers may help in this ordering. I happen to like particularly in the garden colours such as blue and violet, blue and clear lavender, together. I also think that the hardy amaryllis, Hall's amaryllis (*Lycoris squamigera*) is not used nearly enough in American gardens. Its lily-like flowers, appearing in August in the latitude of Boston, if near the second bloom of delphinium Belladonna, produces the loveliest contrast imaginable, the loveliest harmony too. Like people, flowers have the defects of their qualities; and this hardy amaryllis, with its charming flowers of iridescent lavender-blue-pink has a horrid spring drawback. It sends up a crowd of heavy leaves in late April and early May which fall forward and cover the ground around them for more inches than one likes to see covered. The trying part is that these leaves must be left there till they wither, or the tuber will lose its flowing strength. This beauty disfigures the garden for a time. I therefore suggest that if there is a border in some remote yet still sunlit part of the place, these delphiniums, this amaryllis, be planted intermingled therein.

Though August is the month for dividing iris,

Ipomea Heavenly Blue, a pure cobalt

early September is equally good, and new varieties may then be added to the garden. Oh, the beauty of that pansy-like iris Black Prince, Richard II, so little used or known in the average garden! Why not try these shy things, with their falls of deepest violet velvet and their standards of white? Why not have a few roots of *Iris florentina* standing below a species lilac like *Syringa villosa,* palest mauve-pink blooming above the blue-white of the iris? Or, as I seem to be going backward toward spring again, why not plant a wealth of tulips Mrs. Moon and Bouton d'Or among rich purple early irises such as Blue Boy or the mauve Mrs. Alan Gray?

Look in this month in other gardens at blooming chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones and at the late varieties of hardy asters, as well as at dahlias. Make notes of the kinds you wish to plant either late this month or in the spring. Remember that for the back of the border, for autumn effect, there is nothing finer than dahlia Autumn King interplanted in groups with the tall hardy *Aster tataricus.* The dahlia's coppery yellow tones are wonderfully good with the bright lavender of the Michaelmas daisy. When you are gazing at fine Japanese anemones, be sure to remember that the kind called Géante des Blanches is the very largest, finest white known today, and make a note to order that for spring. Anemones can be transplanted only then.

As for the hardy chrysanthemums, try this list

together, planted in this order from the front to the back of the bed or border, but never stiffly, and always in fives, sevens, nines if you can. Odd numbers in such things give an effect of naturalness in planting which is most desirable in such rather unformed plants as the hardy chrysanthemum. I remember a time of hesitation once before introducing into our garden that very effective member of the sage family *Salvia virgata nemorosa,* with its rich purple flowers, so good in June, for the reason that I had seen it described in an English list as "neat and twiggy," and I certainly wanted nothing so described in any garden with which I had to do. Now the chrysanthemum is twiggy, but, thank Heaven, it is not neat; it is therefore a fascinating occupant of the border, and where frost does not come too early, it should be used much more freely than it is.

Peonies are among the important things to remember in this month of September: not only what varieties to get for colour, but which will give you a long season of bloom. One of the best things ever done by a plantsman was the publication, three or four years ago by a highly intelligent dealer, of a list with the dates of bloom opposite each name, and with as many as a hundred kinds, divided under such heads as white, dark pink, light pink, red, single white, single light pink, single dark pink, single red, and Japanese. Little documents like this are of great help to gardeners. The relative dates of such a list

do not change, though any strange season may set the whole list backward or forward. Thurlow's Helen is the earliest peony on this list; Mrs. Edward Harding, Grandiflora, and President Wilson are some of the latest.

Divide old roots now; dig the tubers carefully, clean them thoroughly with water and a brush; set them on a little mound of earth on a bench and then with a sharp knife cut and see how many good plants will spring from a single large root. For a year or so, of course, one does not expect much of freshly divided peony roots. A few years ago I tried a planting which I believe will result well, in order to lessen the dullness of that period of waiting for small roots to bring forth large plants. It was this. We had a space of level grass in which were set lines of roots of peonies, just divided. These stood in round holes, perhaps two feet across. As we had at the time a surplus supply of tubers of the hardy amaryllis, Hall's amaryllis (*Lycoris squamigera*), I thought of having four of these last set in the rings of cultivated earth around the peony roots, at equal distances from the peony and from one another. The amaryllis will send up leaves in spring while the peony is only a group of shoots. Then the leaves of the former become brown and go, while peony-leaves form a canopy above them; the peonies will flower in June, to be followed in early August by a late crop of blue-pink-lavender lily-like flowers, the

amaryllis shooting up through peony-leaves and holding its lovely and unusual clusters above a foliage that is not its own, but that would form a noble setting for any good and effective flower. Try this arrangement, especially where space is limited. Crops of flowers in succession in practically the same spot are a real garden achievement, and certainly one of the best of all experiments in the garden.

September brings us the hardy aster, too, in all its beauty—that flower of our woods which has been so enormously improved by hybridizers. It is true that few of us can hope to form such notable collections as the Honourable Vicary Gibbs has done in his remarkable place Aldenham at Elstree in Hertfordshire. (Incidentally, why not spare a day when next in England for visiting Aldenham? It is open on certain days for a fee. It is not far from London, and I have heard it described as "one of the pinnacles of horticulture in England.") Many beautiful hybrids have come from this collection of hardy asters or Michaelmas daisies; among them the Hon. Edith Gibbs and St. Egwin. The Brooklyn Botanic Garden in this country has a large variety of these September flowering plants; but in private gardens they are not yet used so freely as they should be. One of their charms is that they happen to be in so great variety of size and height as to be adapted for use in even the smallest garden. St. Egwin has very pink flowers

on its one-foot plant; Maggie Perry, covered with its beautiful daisy-like blooms of rich pink, and only two feet high, is a sight to dazzle the eyes. King of the Belgians is much later and of a light lavender. Climax is a tall violet one; Chastity has flowers of purest white. When a plant is two years old, if it does reasonably well in one's garden, it should be lifted, the outer ring of young plants taken off and separated, and all these given good positions in which to develop. The inner or more crowded part of an old hardy aster is not likely to be worth much. But those lovely flowers in tones of violet, bluish violet, lavender, pink, pinkish mauve, and white should have a place in all gardens for late summer effects. With these, Japanese anemones are delightful; but my own special favourite for use in forming September pictures with the Michaelmas daisies is the white Mignon dahlia, a small, single, many-flowered dahlia, little known as yet in our gardens. In any hillside garden with distant views all misty blue and violet in September, how glorious would be great masses of these fine and hardy flowers against the distances! They are charming for cutting as well as in the garden.

September is the month in which to replan one's garden. There is none of the spring feeling of rush in this matter. Days serenely bright following one upon another create a mood of calm in the gardening spirit, and a more leisurely manner of work ensues.

Really this might be called the thoughtful month in the garden—so much consideration must be given to moving, to rearrangement. No lovelier sight was ever seen under a June sky than this which confronts me as I sit on a comfortable wooden settee in a little garden made in 1927 the "Garden of Ingenuity" of another chapter. Most of this garden was made in September. In late August we moved tall lilacs back from the edges of a walk, thus giving room for a little brick-floored space, twenty feet square. This moving also brought into the open a very pretty trellised tea-house of green-painted wood, with two really old pink hawthorns, taller than its roof, standing close beside the ends of the tea-house. Today these thorns are wreaths of deep rose pink, every bough a spray of rosy flowers. Below them the brick floor is outlined with a clipped hedge of privet and against that all the way around the little garden are thick groups of rose-pink tulips, Clara Butt and the Rev. H. Ewbank: among these have been tall hyacinths of pale lavender, Queen of the Blues, still showing colour among the two beautiful Darwins named above. *Daphne cneorum,* the fragrant pink-flowered daphne, spreads itself about, and here and there forget-me-nots show their blue faces; and the recently moved lilacs, among which are the fine bluish Pasteur, the lovely pink Macrostachya, the handsome René Jarry-Desloges, all, all are covered with clusters of glorious flowers. I can truly say that never

have I seen a finer effect of colour, gayer and more brilliant, than these little borders of bright tulips against the smooth hedge, with the tall lilacs and flaming thorns in all the splendour of their spring array. This was the result of a plan, a little plan I made myself, and of work done largely in September. The garden is a small outdoor room, brick floored and hung with that finest of all tapestries the colour of flowering trees. As I sit there I wish that all the garden friends I have might be there with me to share my ecstatic delight in seeing

> All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring
> In goodly colours, gloriously array'd.

When all is said and done, is there anything sweeter than to come in after work in the September garden to a house "calm with books and bright with flowers," to use Joseph Hergesheimer's beautiful phrase, with the content that comes from having done out of doors all that should be done in this month of opportunities? The transplanting, the rearranging, the setting out of new plants and other growing things, means a future that all may envy the gardener. "Happiness consists in always having something going forward." Who can be happier than the gardener who knows that after his proper labours in the autumn, no frost can harm his darlings of the border; no snow or ice can overweigh his supported trees or shrubs; no sun can scorch in March

his rhododendrons or mahonias, screened as they are by the cut boughs of evergreen. These are some of the high satisfactions of gardening, but this complacency can only be the lot of him or her who in September does September's work, and does it well.

X

THE GARDEN OF INGENUITY

It was in the night—in one of those hours when one can think without interruption, when no outward sound or sight distracts—that the idea of this garden came to me. It was really the solution of a problem in rearrangement.

For several years the farther stretch of narrow walk in the upper garden, leading from a gravelled square, with four Delicious apple-trees at each corner, to the trellised tea-house to the west, had seemed unutterably dull. True, the loveliest of French hybrid lilacs, ten feet high, such as Pasteur, René Jarry-Desloges, and Bleuâtre, had bordered this walk; and at their feet was yearly spread a spring carpet of pale tulips in yellow, rising from mounds and reaches of the best forget-me-nots ever known to me. But the narrowness of the walk, its sudden ending without accent at the tea-house, the closing off of the sight of the two beautiful pink-flowering hawthorns to the west, of the four blooming apple-trees to the east, were things to be no longer endured.

In a half dream I saw myself entering this stretch of walk, raising both arms and with a swimmer's

motion sweeping the tall lilacs back for twelve to fifteen feet on either side. I saw an open space paved with brick such as that already in use in various parts of the place, the high hedge of lilacs fronted by a two- or three-foot one of clipped privet, lilies between the two hedges, and spring flowers below the privet—a charming little outdoor room of inviting type, a well-ordered space whose open character would give fresh value to tea-house, apple-trees, and vista of the central garden-walk. It would offer, too, a wondrous chance to "broider the ground in rich inlay" with those sweetest of all materials, bulbs and plants.

This was the plan that came to me in the watches of the night; and because there seemed to be more imagination than money contained in it, this small garden is called the Garden of Ingenuity.

Two years ago a foolish opening had been made (by me), running at right angles to this walk to admit of more borders of bulbs, irises and Michaelmas daisies, and a narrow grass walk had been laid there. Foolish it was in one sense, because not more than fifteen feet away runs a brick walk leading in the same general direction; not foolish, because it permitted the planting of more rare flowers and gave them accessibility, and this is never foolish anywhere. This walk, three feet wide, twenty feet long, is bordered by fine irises (*I. germanica, sibirica*), and some charming dwarf hybrids, a present from Mrs. Mc-

Kinney of Madison, New Jersey. Behind the tall irises in either border are a few fine lilacs and one *Viburnum carlesi;* also a very few good peonies. Not one of these shrubs or plants mentioned but is of course long past its blooming time in late September; but there are precious gleams of colour from little things so modest, yet so lovely, that they must be named here.

Where the walk flares away into curving grass edges, as it does toward the lawn, little streams of sapphire blue flowers run in and out below the clear green leaves of *Iris sibirica* and *I. sib.* Perry Blue. These are the flowers of that glorious lobelia of Sutton's, *L. tenuior ramosa.* Among these, at intervals, are clear yellow violas, reaching up into the iris-leaves sometimes nearly a foot for more sunlight and covered with chrome-yellow flowers, with an orange stain in each centre. The bluish green leafage of the great hybrid French and English irises has among it a delicate mist of cool pink flowers, grown there from seed. This is again one of Sutton's treasures, the catchfly or silene, variety Rose Queen; behind this, again, are palest yellow zinnias, while a few extremely fine-flowering hardy asters, such as White Spray, and some taller ones, similar to Queen of the Belgians, are ready to open their white or light-violet flowers.

Delphiniums, the Wrexham delphinium only, are also in these beds. These gave wonderful promise

this year of what they will do in another, for this year they were but seedling plants. Gigantic florets appeared upon their infant stems this year, flowers of superb form and colour—and next year we look for a rare effect here, achieved in blues and violets.

To return, however, to the Garden of Ingenuity, the time seemed ripe for change. The tea-house, a rather amusing trellised affair, was not seen to advantage from the thickly shrubbed and rather narrow approach; as I have said, the two really fine pink hawthorns flanking its green trellised front were almost entirely obscured by lilacs; the rambler roses and irises before the tea-house seemed to have lapsed miserably into leaves and leaves only. All things pointed to a shift.

And a shift this is, truly. From their positions behind the turf-bordered gravel walk the great lilacs, good specimens with fine names—Émile Gentil, Marceau, and so on—have been moved today to lines seventeen feet north and south of the centre of the walk. With one or two younger lilacs, brought from beyond the orchard and set in to fill gaps left by unclothed stems of too crowded older bushes, they form a wall of green some ten feet high; and these, with the two hawthorns, some old white spruces, and the tea-house to the west, completely enclose the new garden on three sides.

I find this entry in my note-book:

"September 8. Great progress is being made with

The Garden of Ingenuity

the little garden; a broad square of open ground is now ready to be graded, levelled, and covered with sand in which to lay the brick. I have had something of a shock in the price of brick, not having bought one in twenty-five years. I find that the cheapest, roughest dark brick [for dark, not red, this had to be] is twenty-five dollars a thousand, and that it takes two thousand for the herring-bone floor. Once adjusted to the idea, however—which is done by bringing to bear upon it the original one that I *must* have this garden—price begins to take its proper place in the dim background of things one must forget. However, the whole small project, thanks to the practical planning of one of the best gardeners in the United States, Frank Ankney by name, will cost well under a hundred dollars."

To the last side, the east, stand two of the four Delicious apple-trees that form a pleached bower over the crossing gravel walks just here. From each of the two innermost of these to the lilac hedge four large *Deutzia lemoinei* are set along the walk running north and south. These do well in shade, and no flowers will be required of them. They are used only for their screen of foliage. Three feet within these outer boundaries of green we placed a two-and-a-half-foot hedge of Amur privet and two feet within that again is "where the brick begins." For this is a little garden of common brick, laid in herring-bone pattern, a floor of about twenty feet square, with

two-foot angles of earth left in each corner for special groups of flowers.

The borders abutting on the brick will have spring bulbs, low spring things such as creeping phloxes, alyssums, violas, and sooner or later some such annual as white petunias, with white stocks, a few grey-leaved plants, and a little of that superb new *Gypsophila ehrlei* (while it is young, only). Small accents of cool pink will be seen at the main angles of the brick platform in the shape of spreading plants of *Daphne cneorum*. In an angle close to the sill of the tea-house, and at the base of its low step, are the two hardy asters, Mauve Cushion. I am persuaded that this plant resists more indignities than any other I have known. To get two for this purpose of flanking, we took up our one large plant from the trial garden, digging it in late September when in full bloom and covered with pale-lavender daisy-like flowers, chopped it in two, and set it in its new places; and the amazing little thing went on blooming for three weeks, never turning a hair. So much for the doughty qualities of aster Mauve Cushion.

Here I had thought would be a perfect place for the orange wallflower (*Cheiranthus allioni*), with bronze and yellow tulips, but I suddenly remembered the two pink thorns, their boughs spread with rose color each May—and knew that orange had no place here, and the colour to be kept in mind was that of the clouds of rose-pink tree-bloom. Therefore, for

earlier flowers in these small borders we are using hyacinth Queen of the Blues, and that delicately pretty and too little known single early tulip Rose Gris-de-lin. Among these and near them the Darwins Clara Butt and the Rev. H. Ewbank will give rose and lavender in their time.

Along the central walk leading from this garden eastward to the wooden arch at the entrance to the lower or perennial garden are groups of the single early tulip Chrysolora, the double one Safrano, and the dark purple-black Zulu; while the cross-walk which cuts the gravel square and runs north and south just outside of the new garden has tulips Chrysolora, Picotee, and the Rev. H. Ewbank to give its edges colour.

The little plantings within the garden in the corner spaces, some two or three feet square, are one fine transplanted peony and groups of erigeron Quaker Lady toward the front and of tall white foxgloves toward the back; with a few tulips interspersed for spring colour. The planting in the oblong spaces just before the tea-house is for succession of bloom, and colour when there is little elsewhere; therefore three rows of tall growing things to bloom in June, July, and August have been set there. These are all plants that were on hand.

In the sad stillness of a warm October evening in this garden, with no sound but the chirping of a few late birds and the leaf-rustle where the little

spaniel runs about, there is great comfort for the devoted gardener. And while only four or five greens show themselves—foliage of lilac, privet, foxglove, erigeron, daphne, and forget-me-not, and even these are failing now—yet well we know that the time comes when

> The buried bulb doth hear
> And hails far summer with her lifted spear

—that in spring the glow of rose colour in hawthorn will be reflected by that of tulips, and that this little place, made so quickly and with such joyous thoughts of future occupancy and use, will surely fulfil its garden destiny.

No longer is the traveller surprised to find in the Lake states houses and gardens reflecting taste and background. No longer do people feel that in going to the Middle West they exile themselves from all that is worth while in the arts. And it is partly in houses and gardens on the order of that of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe at Grand Rapids, Michigan, that one sees the steady development of architecture and landscape architecture in a state which was not a state until ninety years ago.

In all of the important cities around the Great Lakes there have always been houses which were

centres of cultivation; some houses beautiful without as within. This is true not only of Chicago and Cleveland, but in particular of Detroit. It is true, in isolated instances, of the smaller cities and the small towns of the Middle West; and almost anywhere one sees traces of fine building, sometimes of old gardens planned with simple taste and planted well.

Today, however, the movement toward beautiful, toward picturesque building grows as the gardening movement does—which is to say, in unprecedented volume. And the instance given on these pages is but one of many. While Grand Rapids is a lesser city, but known for the beautiful topography of its situation and surrounding country and for its outstanding quality as a city built and maintained by an integral American stock, reinforced by a stable population of Holland Dutch, this house and garden are perhaps as good an example as may be given to show the true progress we are making in building and in gardening. For here, to adapt the Baconian phrase, men have come both to build stately and to garden finely.

The house is not new. Designed by Winslow and Bigelow of Boston some twenty odd years ago, it has stood well the test of time in its dignified and simple mass and in its delightful inner arrangement. It is a beautiful brick house, Elizabethan in feeling, superbly placed on a rise of ground, with a curving entrance drive through plantations of uncommonly

well-grown evergreens and deciduous trees, including a number of magnificent elms. Incidentally, this is the tree for which, together with the native thorn or *cratægus,* this region is celebrated. A charming gate lodge of the brick of the house stands embowered in green, and a small lake or pond to the left of the drive approaching the house gives life to the whole picture.

Holmdene the place is called. All the broader parts of these eighty acres of beautifully rolling and wooded land were planned, so far as further planting was concerned, by Mr. O. C. Simonds. Ellen Shipman made the garden.

To the north and west of the house lies a grass terrace, with retaining walls of brick and with a balustrade of stone in fine design. Four feet below the terrace is another with flower borders, a long panel of turf and a gay garden seat at either end. From this terrace, at whose north end there stands a fine elm, for shade as well as beauty, four steps descend to the main perennial garden, also on a broad terrace. Here is an oblong pool, a thorn-tree at one end, an ancient jar at the other. Heucheras, sedums, statices, hostas, violas, irises, and a few stocks mark the edges of this pool; and an encircling border of fine perennials, with inner borders and other perennial squares, fills either end of this terrace, which must be sixty feet wide and about a hundred and fifty long. In the borders the flowers of early

summer are irises, peonies, delphiniums, foxgloves; mid-August shows all the little brick walks white-edged with alyssum, phloxes in wonderful array, ageratum, annual asters, zinnias, and statice. Great pots, some with pink hydrangeas, others with auratum lilies in full beauty, serve as accents at the corners of the beds and borders. Lilacs rise here and there and standard wistarias are deftly placed.

Three more steps down, and one comes to a circular stone platform where a jet of water falls into a lead basin, with a great oil-jar against whose base pinks snuggle, and behind which rises the rich green of lilac foliage. This is all in the centre of a narrow terrace, with one long walk of gravel, bordered again by perennial bloom. Thence three more curving steps on either side of the basin lead to yet another of these little flower-bordered walks, hooped with rose-covered bamboo arches, and with irises, delphiniums, and all the profusion of colour of early and late summer in rich perfection.

Five steps down once more, and we are in the rose-garden. Here an enchanting pattern is picked out by narrow gravel walks edged by the most minute and beautifully kept hedges of box barberry. These are not more than five inches through. The rose-garden is in two repeated designs, and between these two halves runs a grass walk some fourteen feet wide which leads to the focal point of the whole garden and its lowest one as well. This is a semicircular pool

where stands a beautiful Winged Mercury backed by dense foliage of magnolia and elder.

The pool, a raised one with a low wall of stone, is in a recess to the west of a stone-paved platform, where two very symmetrical dwarf apple-trees give a decorative effect from every point of view, and under whose shade the earlier tea and the later coffee are often enjoyed. From this centre of interest run two curving walks partly enclosing the rose-garden, with high-clipped hedges of arborvitæ on their outer sides.

In the late sun of a warm August evening, as one sits on this platform gazing upward toward the ivy-hung house, there could hardly be a fairer sight in American gardens than this which meets the eye. Gardens, gardens—four of them on ascending levels till the floor level of the house is reached. The fine austerity of the rose-garden, surmounted in midsummer by the great masses of phloxes in full bloom; in three places water, now dripping, now a smooth expanse; the clipped cedar, hemlock, and arborvitæ as foils to the wealth of colour—all this with the magnificent background of deep oak woods, starred in May with daffodils, to the north of house and garden, and that garden, with its sweet scent of lilies and of phloxes, give one the impression of a most finished English beauty in America.

This quality is felt too in the Lake Terrace gardens of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Newberry, at Grosse

Pointe, Michigan. Some twenty years ago, when the rather long, low house was built, these gardens were planned. There were difficulties, as usual. In this case the greatest was probably the lack of variety in level, common to all the old French villages and farms abutting on the aquamarine waters of Lake Saint Clair. The ground nearest the house was divided into rectangular parts by the landscape architect, A. B. Yeomans; and a few years ago some of the gardens were rearranged and replanted and various architectural features were added by Ellen Shipman, whose delightful touch is evident today.

Immediately west of the house, beyond a broad terrace, is a rectangular lawn with great maple-trees, where often in summer such a gay *fête champêtre* occurs as the luncheon or dinner for the Garden Club of Michigan, of which Mrs. Newberry has twice been president. A pergola hung with actinidia, trumpet-vines, and climbing hydrangea separates the lawn from a fine perennial garden—always delicately lovely in June with flowers of lighter colour. In this, the largest of the flower gardens, is the raised terrace, with the figure of the "Rockaby Lady" by Henry McCartan standing in an ochre-stained niche, backed by many fine cedars brought from Watch Hill and kept in condition by much spraying with water in the dry Michigan summers. Hawthorns, tall lilacs, and other spring-flowering trees, near the cedars, lend their own beauty to the picture. A vine

hangs like a curtain behind the sculptured figure, standing above a little pool, while calla lilies are all about. Pots of pink astilbe give lightness here, and little lead figures of the seasons rise among the flowers of June, while effects of light and rich contrasts are given by the use of standard lilac, viburnum, wistaria, and buddleia, with yew, Irish juniper, and pyramidal hemlock.

From this garden runs another of shrubs, fruit-trees, and flowers, leading to the sunk garden—originally a rose-garden, but now planted to shrubs and perennials. Forget-me-nots, hybrid columbines, peonies, and delphiniums, with standard heliotropes at frequent and regular intervals, create gay borders for the fine turf of the oval centre here. There is a beautiful sweep of a curve in this oval, with peonies above and below. In autumn the flowers are ageratum, Japanese anemone, standard buddleia, and hardy aster. A pergola bounds the west end of this garden, whose walls of grey stucco are backed by fine trees and hung with a polygonum, which grew fifteen feet in one year, *Actinidia arguta,* and grape. Under the pergola in the garden-wall is a door leading to a completely equipped kitchenette, where tea is made and whence many gay picnic luncheons and suppers are served.

There is, too, the lilac walk, with its three hundred feet flanked by great trees of lilac meeting overhead and the flowers hanging like wistaria blooms; it is a

bower of purple and of scent in May. Common myrtle, that best of all ground covers, carpets the earth below. A very dignified and lovely *tapis vert,* used as a croquet ground; a plantation of Scotch pine; and a charming orchard, carefully designed and planted, are other features of especial interest. From the orchard fine iron gates lead into a little garden running south from the house, long and narrow—the tulip-garden. Here are two figures, one of them, "Baby and a Rabbit," by the late Thomas Shields Clarke, and here in May, below cedar and flowering cherry, shine out those gleams of colour only vouchsafed by the tulip and followed by the bloom of iris and some of the other summer flowers.

The gardens of Lake Terrace are an example of fine spacing and unusually lovely planting, kept to perfection. June and September are the months of colour-climax in flowers, shrubs, and trees; and fortunate are they who, in those times, have strolled along those goodly walks and looked upon the borders starred with flowers.

But, returning once more to my own Michigan garden (now for me a garden of the past), I close the chapter with one more excerpt from my notebook: "The garden wears a look of dejection. There are bare patches of earth here and there, and the gladioli, planted only to save the bulbs, and without much regard for arrangement, are not clothed at their bases with the usual clustering annuals, for

these were not bought, sown, or grown this year. Because of the absence of annuals, and the resultant increase of space for perennials, the latter are uncommonly good. Never were the soft yellow panicles of *Thalictrum glaucum* held aloft in such numbers or have they carried such masses of blue-green leaves as now. Hemerocallis and phloxes have room to spread as never before, and last year's seedlings of anchusa and of various campanulas are revelling in air and sun in really unlooked-for supply.

"Since in May I foresaw this extra room in the garden and since there was on hand from last year's harvest perhaps a quarter of a pound of seed of the double rose-pink poppy, which has flowered so long in this garden and gives it a midsummer glow; since we had also a small bagful of seed of Sutton's red mountain spinach, who could have forborne sowing those two things, even on the chance of not seeing them in full colour? [For changes had come and the garden was to be no longer mine.] Wherever space appeared, there the seed was sprinkled and raked lightly in, and if the effect ten days from now is what I imagine it will be, this sowing will have been worth while.

"The little brick-floored Garden of Ingenuity has some amusing developments. Five foxgloves in each corner in the angles of the clipped privet hedge have risen gorgeously in white and rich mauve, for these are good English varieties; now they are seeding,

and the five delphiniums in the little squares of hedge before the tea-house are bursting into flower. One looks like the Alake, the other like Statuaire Rude, and there are no better in all this beautiful family of flowers. The amusing thing, however, and one that makes me smile each time I have glanced at it, is the way in which tulip Mrs. Moon has pushed through the tightest-laid brick of the floor of this little garden-room in May and bloomed scornfully above the material it has conquered. Now in various parts of this twenty-foot square of brick are tufts of myosotis as valiant as the tulip. They were all under the brick; and in spite of being spaded, dug, forked, and pounded last August in their habitat, here they are in thirty or forty places, beautiful lusty rosettes of green leaves. What power their seeds and leaflets have—there is nothing that can intimidate them, these small living things!

"As I sit in this garden, jangling radio sounds come from many near-by houses. I hear only the wrens singing in the poplar-trees. A train hums in the distance, an airplane buzzes above as the sun is setting. It is only the near things that I see and hear. The beauty of the four apple-trees over the cross-walks, pleached to form a bower of leaves and fruit; the happy repetition of squares of brick and gravel in this upper garden, the delicate little distances of flower-bordered walks, of thick tunnellings of green of lilac, of deutzia, and of apple—all is so sweet,

so exquisitely dear, each leaf and blade is so known and loved, that soon to see it in other hands is a martyrdom. But this—and more—gardeners must sometimes endure. And the hope is that somewhere, somehow, another garden waits to be created and adored as this has been."

XI

OF SOUTHERN GARDENS

Shall I ever forget the dazzling picture of an old dejected house, a deserted house, with all its glass broken, a house below the mountain ridge on the south bank of the Juniata River, not far from the place called Van Dyke Station? Passing this house by train in early May, there it stood in the young green of its woodland setting, two great pear-trees in wreaths of whitest bloom overhanging it on either side, and to the right a group of peach-trees in fullest brightest pink. People had left this forlorn house to a forlorn fate; not so the faithful fruit-trees, who, with spring's coming, again lit the place with all the glories of that time. Is there any tree that so completely, so entirely shrouds itself in colour as the peach-tree of the South in April? Is any tree more touchingly lovely than the peach alone in a meadow, alone by an old rail fence among cedars, not lamenting the fate of hands that placed it there in years long gone, but spreading its rose-clad boughs to all the airs of the blue heaven? Like pink flames these trees, alone or in groups, light up the sandy or

reddish landscapes of North Carolina and Virginia in the month of March. They have the stage to themselves; and great is one's delight in this exquisite blooming before other trees are budding.

Here at my feet as I sit in the warm April sunshine of the middle South, is a little garden which reminds me of the tiny Dutch gardens near the spring flower-show at Haarlem in 1925. I am at the end of a narrow rose-garden, not more than ten feet wide, and about twenty feet long, with a sanded path whose edge is bordered by box, and one row of small rose-pink early tulips is just coming into bloom behind the box to the right. Behind these runs a four-foot hedge of clipped privet. The four-foot box-edged border, four feet wide, to the left of the path is peopled by sixteen very fine rose-bushes, cut well back; and bushes of silvery and very grey green are set at regular intervals toward the front of the border in the form of santolina and lavender plants, alternating. Behind this rose border is a retaining wall of brick.

This terrace garden is one of five little gardens on descending levels. The upper or green garden is all of privet and fine green grass. This surrounds the house on two sides and has two brick walks, whose crossing is accented by a bird-bath on a slender pedestal.

The next lower garden is one of tulips and violets. Here are also low retaining walls of brick running the length of the long borders, and marked with

English ivy. Violets, sweet purple single ones, form thick edges for the walk, two or three specimens of abelia stand against the trellised ends of the little border beyond tall lavender tulips gleaming in the sun; one or two long-leaf pines interrupt these borders most agreeably and cast their shadows over the fresh greens below; and those tulip borders, like all the others in this small place, are brick-edged, the brick laid on end.

The fourth level is really little but a pine-needle drive to a small garage. Pyramidal arborvitæ, well spaced, stand along this drive, which ends toward the street in a brick-pillared gateway and French sapling fence; and at the farther end is a garage so shadowed by long-leaf pine that it hardly seems to exist.

Lowest of all is what might be called more a thicket than a garden, yet it is a thicket formally treated; squares bordered with privet, cedars well placed as accents, and all the shrubs evergreen ones. They are gallberry, Japanese privet, holly, Judas-trees, dogwood, with large-leaved and small-leaved wax-myrtle and andromeda. The descending walk, with brick steps at the entrance of each garden, and low posts of brick, here ends in a brick platform, with a high brick wall at its farther side. This wall will in time be framed in by a ten-foot hedge of privet, and adorned by English ivy: before it stands a green-painted settee. Running off toward the left from the back of this platform is a walk leading to

the little vegetable and fruit garden, where it is hard to say which is the more desirable, asparagus, peaches, or raspberries. Each named in turn seems the best.

The whole garden is entered on the highest level by a little lych-gate set in a wall connecting house and offices. To the south of the green garden and below it, at the moment of writing, Carolina cherry holds out its upturned, creamy racemes of flowers, reminding the Northern gardener of the manner of flowering of *Lonicera maacki,* the bush honeysuckle. Forsythia is past in the garden, but dogwood is in greenish bud against the Judas-tree. Exochorda's pearls shine whitely among hollies, and one catches, beyond, the rich violet of an early *Iris germanica.* The scent of pine and box is over all in the warm sun, and birdsongs fill the air. All this in a little garden whose entire extent, for house and other buildings, is a hundred by a hundred and forty-seven feet, and whose work is done entirely by the owner of a Saturday afternoon, with a man to help perhaps once in two or three months. What a picture it is in the young greens of spring, with these gleams of redbud, dogwood, and cherry, of climbing roses giving promise of May flowers, some small blackjack oaks in yellowish bud or bloom, and over all the fair blue sky of the North Carolina April.

To go from ice to snow, too, in late December to the rich greenery of a state like North Carolina is

an experience to be remembered by one who sees what is about him, who is ever looking for interest in foliage and in all other natural growth. Such transition usually comes suddenly, a night on the train, with darkness blotting out the white expanses of the Northern fields, an awakening among the pines and hollies of the middle South. And it is peculiarly fortunate for the gardener to learn of things new to him, to have, as I had, someone come with little branches of many kinds of shrubs for eastern North Carolina in his hand, and a wealth of information to give out as well.

There at hand were some twenty specimens of fine things, either native, or hardy here if brought in. The first impression one gets of them, after that of the prevalent blue-black fruits of so many, is that of glossy leafage. Almost everything has the beautiful lustre of the shining privet, of the laurel; nearly all have that marvellous cold-resisting polish which is almost like a varnish, a protective medium of nature's own providing.

First I was shown a twig on which tight amber-coloured flowers were set against the lower parts of bare stems. The small waxen flowers, appearing in December, have inner petals or petaloids striped with crimson; and there is a sweet scent, for this hardy shrub belongs to the family of *calycanthus* or strawberry shrub. The South is fortunate in these sweet-smelling shrubs for winter bloom—and does

not *Lonicera fragrans* follow in January this December-flowering thing?

But it is the winter fruits of these glorious evergreen shrubs that most attract the ignorant. The fruits of the shining privet, for example, so familiar to those who live in this region, so striking, so arresting in their beauty to those who do not know them. Their blue-blackness, the bloom upon this, their profusion as they grow in clusters along a terminal stem or branch from small tan-coloured stems at the ends of masses of rich green leaves, make this shrub most remarkable. It is a perpetual wonder, with its enduring leaf glistening in the winter sun, more cheerful than the darkness of English ivy, though that, too, is one of the adornments of these Southern houses and gardens.

And then the beauty of the Japanese privet, with its reddish stems, another bough of blue-black fruit, and a long leaf like that of Regel's privet. The other side of the shield here, however, is the terrific voraciousness of this shrub. Nothing can grow within ten feet of a tall specimen; at Pinehurst there is a twenty-foot one—a tree of privet, really.

The charm of the foliage of the bull bay lies, first, in its yellowish green, rather unlike that of other bays, the upright position of its leaf, and, last, the grey-green of that leaf's under side. Abelia is much used for hedges in the middle South; its charming bronzy leaves clip well. Myrica, the small-leaved

bayberry (*Myrica carolinensis*) or wax-myrtle, is a great favourite too, with its handsome small and decorative foliage. The Carolina cherry is used for massing and in the form of small specimen trees. It is a good substitute for the bay in eastern North Carolina, as it can be pruned into formal shapes. Various jasmines, *Euonymus japonicus,* good for hedges, but subject to scale—these are a few of the fine things available for this part of the country. I could add many names, but will end with one—*Nandina domestica,* to my mind one of the loveliest shrubs that grows either here or in Japan. I am told that in the Carolinas its tendency is to grow leggy and that cutting it down by half once a year is really essential to its good looks.

With such a palette in hardy shrubs to choose from, the green garden in the middle South, where summer stifles most hardy flowers, must certainly be the one for thoughtful gardeners to consider first, with bulbs and roses for spring and early summer; and only the cool tones of lighter and darker leaves to refresh and revive their owners during midsummer and early autumn. Each part of our land has its best garden subjects, but nowhere is spring more lovely than in April in the middle South, when peach blossom is followed by dogwood and when roses and wistaria overhang the daffodil.

Said a friend in North Carolina to me one day: "You know L. doesn't show everyone her little

garden; the lawn is at the front of the house and the garden is at the back; and she keeps the garden as a sort of secret possession, and only if she thinks you are really interested would she show it to you. Then she takes you back and lets you see what she has done. With a salad fork she marked out her little kidney-shaped beds within a garden square and she has these planted with all sorts of flowers."

There was something charming to me, a reticence about all this, spoken to me in the soft voice and with the sweet accent of the South. And I liked to think that the owner of this garden was a young woman, not a sad or morose old one. Perhaps, thought I, most of our gardens are too public. It might be that they would catch something evanescent, a flavour, if they were so held as not to be always in evidence. A secret garden—how fascinating the phrase—and the reality not so common!

It was an April day of blue and silver when we visited Tuckahoe. Streams of daffodils were spreading away from the great elms of the avenue from house to gate, the white picket gate leading to the old box-garden. Blue shadows of old trees were on the green of April grass on the slope from house to river lowlands; the ground was sprinkled with the periwinkle's blue and with the yellow of knots of daffodils rising here and there.

The charm of the two box-bushes beneath the

stone steps of the door to the central part of the hallway—the left-hand bush is much larger than the right—both looking as though they had never been moved; the April sun on the serene and delicate old house, on its rosy brick, on its white wood—all these were things to remember, as also the superb effect of the "tree" of ivy, a vine covering the chimney to the west from ground to top, giving the effect of a great formal tree of dark green against the white house.

In the maze—that wonderful garden of box like no other anywhere—the old-fashioned *Spiræa prunifolia* was whitely blooming, two bushes stiffly set in only two of the many beds of box. Toward the east side of the garden, on the edge of the meadow, three Japanese quinces raised their stiff clusters of white, tinged with coral-pink, against the blue; while across the meadow a group of ancient plum-trees were white clouds against the violet distances of spring in Virginia. This delicate colour of April is enhanced by the mighty contrast of the old, old box, both tall and dwarf. The box was really saved for the owners of Tuckahoe by Mrs. E. T. D. Sale, who loved it, sprayed it, clipped it, and brought back to its ancient beauty this garden of beauty unparalleled in America. There were but three of us at Tuckahoe on this afternoon in April, the most poetic time of spring, when all is promise, when all is in the bud. There was a quiet in which we could feel the sweetness of the present and the past.

The house stands high, aloof, an aristocrat among houses. Its several small porticoes have a welcoming look, and I like especially the central entrance, with its broad, mossy, stone steps, the casual box-bushes beside them, and the suggestion of roof above in the form of a white wood pediment hung against the house above the stone at the top of the steps. Why did all this seem of a peculiar loveliness on that day? Was it because of the blue interlacing tree-shadows falling softly across the dark ivy and the shuttered entrance door, across the old white painted wood or brick which came as ballast from England long ago? Was it because of the sweet surroundings of the old house, the great trees superbly placed two centuries ago; the garden in its exquisite relation to that house, the beautiful fall of ground toward the James River, with its trees just budding, its old cedars for ever green as now above their carpet of blue of myrtle and gold of daffodil? I do not know. These are things not to be analysed. They are to be accepted with reverent joy and wonder. They leave one richer for all time in the knowledge that spring in Virginia is a thing so bound up with memories of people who made lovely gardens that one to whom a garden holds some of life's deepest, dearest meanings can only take and be thankful.

Mount Airy, on the Rappahannock, is the most elegant of the old Virginia houses with the possible exception of Westover. Here, too, I went on a day

March wistaria at Winterbourne, Orange Park, Florida

in spring. I was received by members of that family ever in possession, and rejoiced in the rare dignity of the house. It has a look of England, as do its surroundings, too. The delightful effect of the two kinds of sandstone, dark brown and cream-white, of which it is built, the beautiful porticoes, the nobly proportioned rooms, all join to give an exquisite whole. The plan of the estate, the original plan, is a masterpiece of landscape design; and the great tulip-trees, the masses of *Spiræa thunbergi* and Japanese quince blooming together, and the lovely view to the river held one spellbound. At Brandon there was the long, low house of old brick, a superb growth of trees fronting its pillared portico on the river side. Box in waves and billows washed close to the house. The long grass walk, bordered by tall trees and lower shrubs leading to the river's edge, is the outstanding feature. But the glory is in the plan. No garden lies more superbly spaced than this, and all its squares are bordered with cowslips and violets. Lilacs, Japanese quince, and great trees, especially one huge pecan, are in young leaf and bud, with all the freshness and innocence of spring. No lovelier legacies were ever left to descendants than these gardens of Virginia.

But it is impossible to separate the thought of flowers from their growers; and one associates the charming picture of this early April in an old Virginia town with a grower and hybridizer of the

daffodil, who, on the Good Friday morning of my visit, had risen at five o'clock and gathered thousands of daffodils to send to the near-by city market.

Among the flowers which were given me that day, Van Waveren's Giant was easily the largest, being four and a half inches across the pale, clear yellow perianth. A glorious chrome-yellow trumpet, with a frill not greatly reflexed, is characteristic of Van Waveren's Giant, the largest of five large varieties of trumpets. Spring Glory is another of these, the trumpet slenderer than that of Van Waveren's Giant, the perianth whiter, but still of a pale straw colour. The perianths of both of these great daffodils, however, are too twisting to please the fancy of one who likes a shield-like background for the wonderfully formed tubes. The colour of Glory of Noordwijk is a little more delicate, though the same in kind as that of the Glory and Giant just mentioned. The trumpet is neither so large nor so long, but the ruffling and fluting of the edge are lovely. The beauteous wheel of this perianth, paler in colour again than those already under discussion, the segments a trifle flatter than theirs, and overlapping in a way not shown in the others, sets this flower apart. This perianth makes a background of surpassing beauty for the noble trumpet.

But when we come to Weardale Perfection, perianth and trumpet both seem to me to excel those others, astonishingly excel them. Here we have the

six-winged background again, but now of white or a pale, creamy white, against which is the wondrous citron-yellow trumpet, wide-mouthed and gently ruffled, with a ruffle which bends out almost at right angles to the tube. Here is a flower of joy! The dazzling contrast between the white and yellow, the splendid form of the bloom, the great beauty of both trumpet and perianth, and the refined form of this daffodil give it a place apart in the family. Argent, the lovely double (a three-decked flower, one may call it), its small incomparabilis-like trumpet broken into various parts, as if to separate and support these three distinct perianths, is an interesting flower.

And what is this last—left to the last because it is the smallest? This is none other than that daffodil which so excited me (and not me only) years ago when first it came to us. This is King Alfred, once the giant of all trumpets, now almost a pigmy in size. It still, however, holds its lovely and distinguished form, its rich clear yellow colour. As for its diminishing size through comparison, these are the changes that come in families of flowers, as in families of human beings. Fifteen years ago, who could have told that this flower, which was the object of the collector's desire, would not seem fairly commonplace because of developments in hybrids?

I write on a train; and these flowers, in twos and threes with wooden labels, attract much attention as they lie on the table before me in the Pullman car.

Just now the conductor, a fine-looking man, stopped. "These are very fine," he said, "I have some at home. Could you tell me where I could get bulbs of this one?" And he picked up, not Weardale Perfection, not Van Waveren's Giant, but King Alfred. "Why do you prefer that one?" said I. "Because it is all yellow and has such a bright and showy look." So King Alfred to some gardeners is still king! A neighbour in the train volunteered this bit of information. "A friend of mine, not far from Richmond, has so many of those jonquils (the old name in the South for all daffodils) that she has them cut with a scythe, and carries them to town in clothes-baskets."

And so the new in Virginia, the charming young hybridizer of the daffodil in her shady hat and her green linen smock, moves among her sunny flowers creating new ones as she walks and works; while these mellow houses of her ancestors stand serenely by in their old gardens, where each spring sees fresh jonquils, sees again the dear blue Roman hyacinth, and the young growth cover the box with a veil of brightness, and hears the mocking-bird sing as always he has sung to his mate. "All things flow," but to those so happy as to know Virginia, her people and her gardens are as one. "Close the eyes," writes Mary Johnston, "let yesterday and tomorrow rise with today, and all Virginia is a garden. It smells of the rose, it smells of the locust blossom, it smells of the cedar. . . ."

Though the garden of Casa Alejandro was hurt, as were nearly all the Palm Beach gardens by the great wind of September 1928, there was no damage that I could see. I entered it in January in late afternoon and was dazzled outside it even by the great clusters of blood-red bougainvillea and of pale-yellow allamanda hanging over the white wall, casting deep shadows on the plaster beneath and giving a most brilliant effect in the late sun. A beautiful wrought-iron gate led into a small garden just before the Spanish entrance door, where were *Thunbergia erecta,* hung with its flowers of opaque purple, various unusual palms, a fine grevillea, a little eranthemum putting forth its pure blue flowers, and a most beautiful young tree, malleluca, with a soft creamy bark.

Through another of those lace-like gates of iron and my hostess welcomed me, standing in summer dress against a gorgeous bush of mauve bougainvillea, which, cut down by the storm, was blooming furiously as if to prove its courage. And then I saw the garden, this delicious Spanish garden, certainly one of the loveliest gardens in our land, whether in a climate tropical or cold. But first I felt the richness of it, and this I believe was because of the shadows there. A great fig-tree against a low red-tiled wing of the house stood with the contrast of its masses of dark green against the white wall, its shadows everywhere, cool, blue, deep; and to deepen this feeling of

coolness came the sound and sight of water from the tiled pool of the patio, with its low jet of water, through little runnels of turquoise-blue tile, down to the next level. These take the water to an oblong basin filled with water hyacinth, a dripping shell some four feet above giving interest to the high wall of the patio. From the deep basin old green and white tile conducts another rivulet to the delightful semi-circular pool a foot lower. Again the water flows into another shallow pool, lozenge-shaped, with a border below it of the lotus-like leaves of the water-hyacinth, whence the tiny channel of tile again leads the flow to the glorious spreading round of water which is the centre of the paved garden. Beside this pool a tree, its trunk three inches in diameter, a rose-pink hibiscus, shares the honors with two glorious coconut palms.

Half-way through this paved garden one turns sharply to the right and confronts a flight of steps leading to an upper terrace of the lovely house and finds at the left, at the foot of the steps, a charming square garden, with still another fountain, guarded by little cypresses and backed by a great shrub of bougainvillea. In a corner of the wall just beyond the bougainvillea is a blooming tree of the Mexican rose. The bluest of agaves stands in the foreground of this tiny garden square, and its beauty below the mauve bougainvilleas beyond the fountain is notable. A touch of blue-grey aloe, a tiny hedge of pitto-

sporum, young plants of stock, and one fine palm with yellow bloom are here.

The pergola at the foot of the garden far below the house and toward Lake Worth has at one end a gate of pecky cypress in a wall, at the other a glorious spread of the wide bronze leaves of the acalypha. Mounds of the crimson-leaved Wandering Jew give richness to its borders and a beautiful apricot-flowered variety of saxifrage accents the angles of descending steps. Minosa, oleander, apricot, hibiscus, all give beauty to this pergola, through whose latticed top an occasional coco palm thrusts its graceful stem.

Pools can be extremely satisfying. Two I know have given me acute pleasure, this and one in Lake Forest paved with black, green, and white marble; as at Palm Beach, a hexagonal pool. The latter is broad and shallow, floored with a tile of cool green, its edges of old Spanish tile in soft greens and yellows, in its centre a shell of dull ochre tones; flanking it, two tall palm-trees and the beauteous tree of pale-pink hibiscus, in full flower late in January, and a solandra vine masking the lower trunk of one of the palms. Here and there in the paved garden of which the pool is the feature, a few tiny palms and crotous stand in groups in pots.

Behind the simple iron railing set above the wall at the west end of the high patio is a subtle arrangement of upright-growing plants whose lines are in

absolute harmony with the slender spindles of the railing. Other features of the garden are a pair of arches, three feet apart, before a tiny Spanish gate set in a white wall. Off at an angle from these goes another arch of light iron, the flagged walk wandering past it to the gate. The casual one-sided result is charming. Bamboo and oleander are very sparingly used. Here is a rose, there a palm. A light arbour to the south of the paved garden has for supports clusters of slender columns in sets of four, with a delightful design, as if of mouldings, that effect dear to the Spanish taste.

A high wall of dripping crimson bougainvillea is south of the house toward the west. The upper part of this wall is pierced, and the bougainvillea roots are in beds about three feet below the top within the wall. Below this wall of an open scale pattern is a long rose border at the edge of a terraced flagging upon which the great living-room of the house opens. Against the plaster house-walls, between the French windows of this drawing-room or living-room, hibiscus is blooming, leaning forward with its wide flowers of that pink known as begonia rose. As I write, leaning on the top of the wall on the edge of this terrace, there lies upon it close to my hand an errant spray of bougainvillea, the colour of that earliest crimson peony *Pæonia officinalis*. Here are twenty-seven beautiful flowers of three petals each, well

held out from the very angular stems and the small leaves of rich green. Flowers, did I say?—no, these are bracts of leaves, almost every bract having in its centre two tiny tubular white flowers so set as to be quite ineffective. Here are jacaranda-trees, here will be found the pleached lantana, the petræa with its lilac flowers, many jasmines, camellias, gardenias, acacia with its dripping bloom, the beautiful *Ficus benjamina* or weeping rubber-tree— But it is the assembling of these—to use the modern word—that commands one's attention and gives the quality of charm to this garden of the South. At every turn there is composition of the highest order.

There is a knock at my door. "Mrs. McKinlock says," says a soft-voiced coloured woman, "will you be ready at half past two to go roamin' around Palm Beach a little with her?" Yes, I shall be ready; but such "roamin'," delightful though it will be, will take me from a place so rarely lovely through architecture and through gardening that it will be difficult to go from its gates. For everything here is walled, secluded. There is perfect privacy and on every side are effects of rich green, with borders of deep glowing colour. Everywhere there is enormous horticultural interest because of the two hundred and more varieties of sub-tropic plant-subjects used. Everywhere are pictures, made by Mrs. McKinlock's own skill, application, and taste.

Fine iron gates hung between tall posts nearly covered by that most beautiful of all creepers *Ficus repens* are at the entrance to Winterbourne in Orange Park, Mrs. John A. Ferguson's place, near Jacksonville. Glorious pines, palmettos, magnolias, and cedars form great groups within the gates, while lower foliage is of the charming palm *Phœnix rœbelini* and of *Cocos australis,* with its bluish green leaf. Among these are a few sago palms and zamias, and just beyond the gates lies a winding walk to the right, through a grove of ancient pines, showing most beautifully what can be done in northern Florida to vary the edges of such a walk and to give new vistas of beauty in plant-masses with every turn.

Here to the right are banks of pittosporum and of fan palms; across from this stand sago palms and *Phœnix canariensis;* to the right farther on come hibiscus, cypress, yew; to the left a highly interesting planting of succulents, yuccas, and agaves in variety.

Turning right again, one is surprised to find beyond large groups of variegated and green pittosporums the boughs of a great live-oak spreading across this gracefully planned path, with cedar and Spanish bayonet, and across the walk a fine mass of *Jassminum primulinum.* The holly-leaved ilex or Chinese holly follows hard upon the *Ilex opaca;* jasmine and oleanders are opposite, with hibiscus beyond the holly. Another giant live-oak, with groups of lesser ones, is seen on the right again. Then below a beau-

tiful cypress-tree is a large group of *Azalea indica,* another of pittosporum, with oleanders across the way. A planting of nerines in a large irregular space lies opposite at the right. One sees now to the left, beyond two or three handsome camphor-trees whose boughs grow from the ground up, a live-oak whose spread is seldom equalled anywhere and beneath which great drifts of many varieties of the narcissus are sending up their grass-like leaves. Here the sand-clay walk turns and leads to the house through shady ways of azalea and live-oak. Dogwood-trees punctuate the plantings along this part of the walk, and from it, as one turns to the house, are seen a few rows of the many varieties of oranges for which Winterbourne is known, the nearest tree at this point being the Temple orange. But this place is all embowered in live-oaks, and so ably have these trees been treated, so remarkably have their foregrounds been kept open, free, that each one of these superb trees which is of importance is seen to the best possible advantage.

Near the great oak that overhangs the daffodils is a seat. From this seat, looking straight to the Saint Johns River, only some three hundred feet away, and three miles wide here, through an iris-bordered grass walk, is a series of rose arches and tall pines, so regular and close to each other that they call to mind the formality of a French or Dutch *berceau.* As one walks through this *berceau,* one turns half-

way along and descends a few broad steps to a large and well-designed rose-garden completely hedged in by the Macartney rose. This is grown on green-painted overlapping wire hoops, which the rose covers. The hoops are about four feet tall. The rose-garden is a sunken one. Beyond its four sides are again the glorious tree-masses of oak and pine which make this place so distinguished. A broad grass walk bordered by azaleas in many varieties leads from the rose-garden to the south, where inviting seats in shade testify once again to the leisurely use of this garden in the best possible way.

The house, which stands to the north, as does Mount Vernon, faces a smooth expanse of fine lawn between it and the river. This house has taken its note from the architecture of Mount Vernon too. An old house, it has been dealt with gently and with great simplicity. A noble specimen of the rounding palm, *Phœnix canariensis,* stands to the north of the house. Its background to the west and south is of those wondrous live-oaks, so standing, either singly or in groups of two to five, and with such far-distant background of rich planting of evergreen shrubs and trees, as to bring to mind the classic groves of the old paintings of Italy.

Seen from the south, the low white house—fronting one of the noblest of all rivers, the blue Saint Johns of Florida—has once more its glorious framing of tall and rounding oaks. These reach far to

the west in a long line; below them is a pergola, a very long and well-proportioned pergola, leading from the house past the swimming-pool, to the formal garden of annuals and to a cross-walk among orange-trees, which in turn takes one to the vegetable garden. In March the pergola is a vision rare enough anywhere, dripping with wistaria bloom, starry with jasmine, creamy with the Banksia rose.

Let us once more sing in praise of great trees. In a new country what a sense of the past they give! In a hot climate what a suggestion of coolness in their shade! To him who sees pictures in the landscape what breadth and depth of composition they afford! To one who loves drawing, line, colour, shadow, nothing illustrates so well as trees the heights to which these attributes may rise. The live-oaks of Winterbourne are immemorial; their grandeur, accentuated by their hangings of grey moss, form as imperishable a picture as the calm and silvery river over against which they stand.

XIII

TOOLS AND HOUSE-PLANTS

On a golden October day in Paris, one of those days in that wide and delicate city on which I would have sworn that spring was coming, not winter, I entered the quai de la Mégisserie, its tall arching trees faintly yellowing now, the sun filtering through them on the grey fronts of old houses and glinting on the Seine beyond the parapet, and entered the door of one of the greatest seed establishments in the world—one of the greatest not only in France, but in the whole world. I asked for seed of that marvellous blue morning-glory for which this house is renowned as having originated it, when suddenly my eye fell upon a case hung on the wall, a case filled with the most perfectly designed and made small garden-tools, mainly garden shears, scissors, and knives.

Now, the last thing I had done before leaving home for a few autumn weeks on the other side was to send fifteen pairs of my own garden shears of all types and sizes to be cleaned, sharpened, and laid away for winter. It was natural, then, to look

with a special interest at these French ones, to compare their springs, their lines, with those I knew so well, and to look with envy of their uses at the numberless fine knives for pruning into beauty the fruit-trees which are alike the glory of such places as the Luxembourg Palace gardens, and of the tiny cottage gardens of France. And while so looking, it was easy, too, to let the mind fly to the general subject of tools, to those most necessary for the gardener, to their use and care; above all, to their care.

It may be that the first necessity in garden-tools is the spade—yes, it must be the spade. Who would buy a spot for a garden, or a bit of land for any purpose whatever in the way of grass, shrubs, trees, or flowers, without a man with a spade close at hand so that one might see for oneself what the soil is? And since we shall discuss now only the tools for the small property, going not at all into the region of power mowers and all such gorgeous things, the spade is the first tool that is essential to the garden. Deep digging for all plants is vital, and if it can be done six months before the garden is made, and done again when it is made, so much the better. For then the garden will have had that fallowing, dear to the farmer in his fields for certain crops. On the spade money should not be spared. A fine one should be bought, of the best pattern and of steel; and this spade should be always put away clean. It should also be carefully sharpened when its edge is dull.

Next to the spade comes, it seems to me, the trowel. For if the spade prepares the ground for planting, the trowel really does the planting. It lifts and "fines" the ground; it makes the pleasant hole in which to set the little plant just lifted from the seed-bed, or shaken from its pot. I cherish my own trowel as the artist does his violin. It is an English trowel of delightful form for leverage, and when I am not using it, it lies in a pigskin sheath. It is never put into that sheath with a grain of earth upon it, nor without a light rubbing from my hand for brightening the tool I love so much and which does so much for me.

But, besides the spade and the trowel, what are the most important tools for any garden? Of course there is no garden without a space of grass, at least there are seldom gardens in America like the English cottage gardens, nothing but flowers; therefore the lawn-mower is an essential tool. So is the lawn edger if there is any amount of grass; and a pair of small grass-shears—one of those continuous pieces of steel whose spring is the handle or upper part—is needed too. A watering-pot—one of those nice French shapes, a flattened oval for the pot and a strong curved handle or brass arching over all, is by far the best and most enduring. Rakes of two kinds should be on hand; one of steel for the surface of cultivated earth and for certain uses on the lawn, and one of wire, with many teeth, for leaf-raking in the fall.

A wide rake saves time and labour, and these wire rakes are very light. The Japanese bamboo rake now commonly used is a treasure for clearing up the grass, or for improving the surface of a gravel walk by taking from it everything that does not belong there, never a pebble of the material that does.

The wheel hoe, with its numerous adjustable implements, is indispensable where there is some open ground. For cultivating between rows of vegetables, sweet-peas, dahlias, peonies, this remarkable invention should be always included in any tool list. A wheelbarrow is of course to be listed too, and I like much a capital little thing on wheels for the garden, called the baskart, a tall deep basket on two rubber-tired wheels, which one can pull easily about the garden. It not only is very light to handle, but holds plants, flowers, or tools in fairly large numbers.

To return to hoes, however; the hand hoe is a necessity; also the fork for digging and lifting all sorts of things, as well as for certain kinds of lighter digging and cultivating. And this must be the large fork, not the small hand fork, though that for special cultivating is needed too. And, speaking of cultivating, the little steel cover for the first finger of the right hand must be mentioned here, for it is a wonderful adjunct to the tool-basket, so perfectly does it protect the hand and so efficiently does its little elongated end of sharpened steel loosen and spread the ground around a small plant.

Always have at least two sizes of garden shears, a large one for pruning shrubs and other woody things, and one that is but eight inches long for your own comfort in cutting flowers. Why take to the garden something that weighs two pounds when the same tool that is one-sixth as heavy will do the work better? And see that these shears are always in order. Taking a leaf out of my own experience, I should say that unless tools are in the most perfect order at all times—and they can be if a little thought is given to this—neither you nor anyone whom you have working with or for you can do the best work. The sharp tool is reflected in the beautifully neat edge of the grass walk, in the absence of lumpy earth below the rose plants in a rose-garden, in the well-prepared soil of a border or bed for its bronze or yellowish bulbs in October. There is no fairer sight in gardening than a border beautifully cultivated, ready to receive those things that make it perhaps even more beautiful.

Many other tools are to be named, but there is little space in which to name them. The hose should be twenty feet long for a very small garden, forty for a larger, with additional lengths as they are needed. There is a good low sprinkler attachment that transcends all others for wide-flung water and for never getting out of order. There should be for the small garden a hand spraying apparatus—one even as small as the two-quart glass Mason jar,

with a "wee bit" pump at its top, is excellent for roses and for smaller individual plants or for the tips of shrubs being eaten by green or white fly. And there should be various kinds of labels, especially the small heavy manila paper ones that come in sheets (these are more for cut flowers, however, than for use out of doors), and then the new white wired labels, of a stuff like celluloid, which are literally everlasting if the name of the plant is written or printed upon them in a waterproof India ink. After long years of use of such things I believe these labels to be the best yet, the cheapest, the most satisfactory, which combination, as we know, is not always obtainable in life! This that I think better than all others—an American label—is the Aqua-proof.

Only a few tools have been mentioned here, but one word must be said as to the care of what the gardener owns in these things. The oil-can should be always on hand; sand-paper, emery-paper, the proper utensils for sharpening, are essentials. No lawn-mower should be put away with a blade of grass on its knives; it should be cleaned and oiled before being set in its corner. A small tool-house or closet is an essential to the garden; directions for making one of the prettiest and most economical of space and money are given in Fletcher Steele's *Design in the Little Garden.*

Choose your tools well. Your garden comfort, your garden happiness, your garden beauty depend

on these. And when you have them, take the best of care of them. It goes to one's heart as one drives among the farms of America to see rather often the hay-rake or the reaper standing without even a tarpaulin in the rain, especially when we know how little money the farmer can afford to lose. But this *is* losing money and many other things besides.

In the garden the proper tools are essential, the ones of a size and kind fitted for the place in which they are to be used; keeping them in good condition is as necessary as getting them in the first place. A good gardener grows attached to the tools he likes; he can no more neglect them, let moisture injure them, let rust eat them, than he can leave a living thing to perish. If you are beginning a garden, get a few tools only; but take the experience of others and get those that will fit your hand from the first, those with which you can do the best work, and thus shorten the time and labour needed to make your garden what it ought to be and what it will be with the right tools well used.

A few tools must be on hand, too, where one's plants are brought in for winter beauty, or when ivies, begonias, geraniums, or other plants for the house are to be looked after. A small watering-can, a trowel, a little weeding-fork, these are necessaries for window-gardening. House-plants are none too easy. Their real foe is dry air. There are now for the city apartment several devices to set on radiators

or elsewhere to give moisture to the air, and these should materially help the health of plants in winter; but there is one thing not generally known, and that is that the more plants you grow in the house, the more moisture will there be there. A very simple way, too, of increasing moisture, according to that good adviser Professor A. C. Hottes, is this: place the pots in a shallow galvanized-iron tray, a water-tight tray which fits the top of a table or window-ledge. "Pebbles and sand placed in the tray will collect and hold the water which goes through the pots; this water will supply moisture in the air."

Pests, insect pests, are unfortunately almost as common on indoor plants as on outdoor ones. "Almost" is I believe the word, for all gardeners know that these little enemies seem to increase with one's gardening seasons. Remedies, as given by an authority, I quote here; and these may be safely used. For red spider—the signs of which are a turning grey of the leaves of your plants, and small webs perhaps appearing at the tips of the leaves—spray with water. This is the treatment for red spider out of doors as well, on such things as arborvitæ or other forms of cedar. For mealy bug on coleus—which shows itself only as soft white moss—try washing off these nests or groups of the bugs with soap-suds and a soft brush. If small aphids or little lice appear on your plants, try the new liquid, said to be so remarkably good for roses, called Aphistrogen.

Spray this on the infested leaves and twigs, or dip the end leaves into a solution. For green fly, white fly, and red spider (though for the latter a water-spray is usually effective) there is a preparation called Imperial Soap Spray which is considered particularly good. This, if used according to the directions with it, will do much to keep house-plants free from these insects.

Ivy is, I think, the finest of all things for the house; its classic leaf makes it so, its beauteous dark-green colour, its delicate garland-like habit of growth, the ease with which it may be trained anywhere, fastened here by a small staple, allowed to fall there in exquisite pattern against wall or window. But it requires care; and one of the most important aspects of that care is frequent washing of the leaves. They collect dust, for one thing, and that dust keeps the moisture and the air from the leaves. With a soft cloth and mild soap-suds they should be gone over on both sides as often as they seem to require it. Ivy needs plenty of water, and, as someone says, "even an occasional drying-out is sufficient to stunt the young growth, and to cause the ever-waiting scale and aphis to appear." An ivy will always do better indoors in winter if it can have a summer out of doors.

The Boston fern was discovered in Dorchester, Massachusetts by a florist there, about thirty years ago; everyone knows it, and there are few houses or

apartments in this country in which at one time or another it has not been seen. Many are the glorious specimens of this fine fern that have come under my eye, but these never in too much sun, seldom in that trying cover for the pot known as a *jardinière*—that thing that requires too much watching and emptying for most people to be successful with it. All agree that the *jardinière* has caused more loss of house-plants than any pest. The owner of the fern or begonia is apt to forget the hidden water, slowly climbing around the pot which is set in these outer pots, and even though the plant is on an inverted saucer in the other receptacle, too often the steadily rising silent tide of water does its deadly work. Many ferns do well in the house besides the Boston ferns; among these are Whitman's fern, the holly fern, the maidenhair, beloved of everyone, and the Australian tree fern. Ferns should not be kept in windy places in a room, or where persons passing can jostle their foliage. Leaf mould should be in the pot from the beginning, and these pots must have the best drainage. Also remember about moisture in the air, especially for ferns. The leaves of every kind of palm should be sponged off at least once a month.

Two kinds of plants will stand even the lack of sunlight in a room; these are the old Wandering Jews of two kinds—the green and white one and the one with purple in its leaves. These are wonderful plants for unpromising conditions in the house;

there is hardly a little green-house in the United States where a small hanging curtain of them is not seen as one walks through it; and slipping can be done in water as well as in soil. These are among the best plants, used in pots, to place, as I have seen ivy placed to beautiful advantage, on a high wooden shelf (or a glass shelf) *at the top* of a window, so that the long, trailing branches hang. No lovelier curtain than this when of ivy, if not too thick—and in the house it will probably not grow too heavy—can be seen, and this ingenious plan is worth trying for ivies, or the Wandering Jews too, perhaps; but the latter should be kept thinned a little or the mat of leaves may keep out too much light.

The cactus is most popular for window-gardening, and may be even more popular from now on, as flower-lovers have seen at the New York Flower Show in March 1929 the wonderful exhibit of these desert subjects by Mrs. Sherman Hoyt of Pasadena. It was a remarkable thing for a woman not only to have brought this great collection of cactuses to New York, but to have taken them on to London as well, for the great Chelsea show, the gardener's paradise in flower-shows. The cactus in the house requires a good admixture of sand in the soil, and very little water, especially in sunless weather. Watering only when very dry, and only a very little water then, is the practice of some cactus-raisers. The best variety for the house is considered the

Christmas or crab cactus (*epiphyllum*), which has flowers at Christmas, of a most charming bright pink. If flower buds drop from your cactus plants, it is probably because of too much water. Remember the original dwelling-place, the arid regions to which this plant belongs, and treat it accordingly.

For those who grow it, the calla lily, now so much in favour as a decorative flower and leaf, needs a dry hot rest for its bulb in summer, when the pots should lie on their sides in the sun. The variety Godfrey is the calla mentioned as the best one for the house. Rich soil and a change of pot in the autumn are absolutely necessary to indoor success with these lilies.

Begonias can hardly be touched upon, but why not raise begonia plants from seed? Beautiful varieties are now offered by leading seedsmen, varieties such as Christmas Cheer Red, a dark crimson-scarlet, Prima Donna, a warm rose-carmine, Salmon Queen, G. Knacke, a fine salmon-pink, and many others. We know that begonias will start, as will the lovely velvety gloxinia, from a bit from other pots, but growing new varieties from seed for plants in the house would be an exciting occupation and probably an easy one.

Let me confess that in my own gardening years I have been so enormously and completely occupied either with growing out-of-door flowers—for even in the climate of central Michigan we had bloom out

of doors, bloom of some kind, shrub or bulb, from March twenty-fifth to December twenty-fifth—or with planning indoors what to have outside, that growing plants inside never caught my attention to an important extent. We were never without ivies in the house, and very often lovely pans of bulbs. I remember one winter, since I had some deep oblong terra-cotta boxes from Italy, thinking that these would make fascinating little bulb gardens in themselves if properly planted. So in them were set a few crocuses, purple and white, some *Scilla sibirica* in tiny tufts here and there, a few paper-white narcissi, with a rather generous amount of the beautiful polyanthus *narcissus,* the many-flowered kind, *N. poetaz* Elvira. From this choice came what I wanted in the sunny south windows that winter, a little succession of bloom, with the fresh leaves of crocus and scilla after the flower had departed, as a nice setting for the orange and yellow daffodils that followed. This was really a little bulb garden in a winter window, and I can recommend the idea as a practical and pretty one; but the box must be deep, eight inches perhaps, and the soil fairly sandy; and a drainage hole should be provided, though there was none in the containers of which I speak. For that reason care had to be exercised in watering.

One of the most charming winter effects I have seen was in the south bay-window, a very shallow one, of a small New York house. Everything was

in pots, large and small; but mainly small; and these pots were all on glass shelves. Exactly as collectors of old glass, Bohemian and other, are now apt to set their treasures on glass shelves across windows to bring out the lights and colours, so in this instance the lovely hues of flowers were charmingly shown against the windows, the pots helping the decorative effect. What an improvement on the amusing staging that our grandmothers used, painted green, that rack of steps which must have been always in the way and which could not be set near enough to the ordinary flat window to get the maximum of sun from without! However, I do remember in my youth seeing scarlet geraniums and begonias doing brilliantly on even such racks as those.

XIII

THE PRINTED SIDE OF GARDENING; WITH SOME CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR GARDENERS

Never have I felt more at home in embarking upon a subject related to gardening than now and under this heading. And with good reason. For I am of those who believe that without books one cannot live; and that without garden books of the best type, one cannot garden well.

Since in all practical subjects materials come first and then management, the first books to consider are those issued by the great seed, plant, and tree houses of this and other countries. Here we should practise a true eclecticism; we should not be bound by custom or by habit. It is as foolish to believe that because one is an American the seed lists of America are the best made as it is for an American to take the stand that the British or the French publish the best lists of these things. Give yourself all possible leeway in sending for seed and plant catalogues. Send all over the world for them. Enlarge your horizon, keep your garden from being a provincial one, and give

your imagination a chance to travel though perhaps your feet may not.

"Order early" is the adjuration of the seedsman to us all. This business is so growing, the sellers of seeds and plants are so harassed by the letters coming in at one time, since these are seasonal businesses, that we shall benefit not only ourselves but countless others by ordering garden seeds and plants as soon as a catalogue comes into our hands.

Make a collection of seed catalogues. Elsewhere I have set down my own methods as to these, but they shall be repeated here. Send for as many lists as possible. Look in the advertising pages of the best magazines and horticultural papers for names and addresses; and when you get these interesting books take good care of them. The lists are free; yet, partly because everyone knows what printing costs today, they should be carefully kept and treated. After three or four dozen have come, tie them into packages, marking each parcel by means of a gummed label on the topmost pamphlet thus: Trees; Shrubs; Perennial Plants; Seeds, Domestic; Seeds, Foreign; Bulbs; New and Rare Plants; Fruit-trees; Roses; Lilies; Dahlias; Lilacs; Irises; Peonies; Gladioli; Delphiniums; English; French; Spanish; Dutch; Italian; and so on. Thus and thus only can time and bother be saved in looking up certain catalogues. When you have these, you have one of the best beginnings of a garden library. You have not

only endless varieties of lovely things in plants, in vines, in shrubs and trees, to choose from, but you have, too, the best suggestions as to garden-tools, fertilizers of recognized sorts, and labels.

The method described above is truly a convenient, a practical way of starting a library of seed and plant lists; and very valuable many of them are as books of reference for all time. As an instance, there are the old catalogues of the late B. H. Farr of peonies and irises, accurate, beautiful, far ahead of their time; or in England the great seed and bulb lists of Barr and Sons, classics all of them.

Garden magazines are necessities, especially those in which the finest photographs of what I might call current gardens are published; the best advice by landscape architects, often with plans too, set forth. And equally necessary are those smaller magazines of gardening in which personal experiences are exchanged. No one realizes how gardening has brought all quarters of our country together, except the editors of such periodicals. The man or woman in Seattle exchanges suggestions and ideas with a stranger at Key West; the Maine woman with a woman in Arizona. There is a wonderful unifying power in all this which sociologists would do well to mark.

Having now a fair collection of these bundles of free lists, and one or two good magazines, it is high time to begin spending a little money on the book

form of garden writing. The first of all to invest in is that glorious work in six volumes *The Cyclopædia of American Horticulture,* by the greatest of all our authorities, a man who towers above all who write and all who garden in this country today as the oak above the birch, Dr. Liberty H. Bailey.

And now, travelling far from the beaten path in this matter, I propose to discuss here only two more, one a pamphlet, the other a list in loose-leaf notebook form; for these two little publications give as much practical help as has ever been given by any small garden publication in America, if not more. This is saying much, but I feel it—there is so much condensed charm and information in the pamphlet, so much information in the loose-leaf book.

When the American Library Association asked Professor Sydney B. Mitchell, the Director of the School of Librarianship of the University of California, to write for its series of reading courses, "Reading with a Purpose," a brochure on gardening, they performed a service to the gardening cause which is simply inestimable. The result was the charming little green paper-bound book called *Adventures in Flower Gardening.* No one American knows more about the iris probably than the writer of this delightful little pamphlet; no one gardens better; and in his dual interest of gardening and books there could be no one more fitted to recommend a few garden books to the general library-using

public. Here follows his list, which I will preface by a sentence from his own more than readable essay, of which the name is given above: "The more practical one is in gardening, the more he desires to read what others have written on the subject. A knowledge of the whole field becomes an alluring goal; and, though the greatest joy is actual work, still there are times when the gardener seeks books on gardening rather than gardening itself."

And now for the list:

The Design of Small Properties; M. E. Bottomley (The Macmillan Company)

The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers; Richardson Wright (J. B. Lippincott Company)

Studies in Gardening; A. Clutton-Brock (Charles Scribner's Sons)

Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden; Gertrude Jekyll (Charles Scribner's Sons)

Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden; Louise Beebe Wilder (Doubleday, Page and Company)

Wild Flowers and Ferns; Herbert Durand (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

The Book of Bulbs; F. F. Rockwell (The Macmillan Company)

The first and last of these books I have not read, the others I know well and I warmly agree with all that Professor Mitchell has to say of them. I wish his own essay on gardening, could be in the hands of everyone and especially that many men might

read it. It is a most inexpensive publication, worth far more than is asked for it by its publishers.

The other garden book to be noticed here is far more costly than the one just now discussed, but it, too, is indeed worth more than it costs. It is a tiny volume of loose-leaf sheets, about four by eight inches in size; its name is *The Plant Buyers Index,* and on its small pages are set down—can this be believed?—the names and addresses of nearly two hundred and fifty American nurseries and as many as sixteen thousand or more correct names of plant-subjects which may be got from those firms. To J. Woodward Manning, Reading, Massachusetts, it occurred to create and publish such a list. The work of assembling it must have been enormous; the lists are cross-reference ones, so that the quick finding of anything one wants for the garden, rare or scarce though it may be, is very easy, and supplements are added as time goes on. No reference book is more valuable than this for the library of the gardener. It may be called the key to all the lists; and if one were to send for all the catalogues set down here, no post-office lockbox could hold them. *The Plant Buyers Index* is new—it was published only in 1927. It should be on the desk of everyone seriously interested in gardening.

A garden library should be formed. Books there are in plenty to choose from and something good probably in them all; some of them are priceless for

the beginner; others are more attractive to the advanced amateur, or the gardener interested in a special plant or flower; and if the reader of these words happens to favour a special flower—say the rose, the peony, the gladiolus—I say to him or her exactly what I have often said to the new woman voter: "Join a party"—join the societies devoted to these special plants. And learn from others interested and from authorities on your favourite, be it iris, the dahlia, or the others, what it might take you long years of painfully slow experience to learn in your own borders.

Scarcely has the last flower left its stalk through frost when the gardener's mind turns to spring, to another budding and blooming. "On this earth," says the writer of *Days Spent on a Doge's Farm,* "one season is usually spent in looking for signs of the next"; and no sooner is the last work of November done in the Northern garden, no sooner the final cornstalk laid on the pile of leaves around Canterbury bells and foxgloves, and the last peony stalks laid low by the knife, than the active mind of one who truly loves his garden concerns itself with plans for future beauty, for a better garden next year.

Now, as the garden interest increases in this country—and it goes ahead at present by leaps and bounds, and will never stop—more and more will Christmas presents take on a gardening character.

Is it not true that we give what we like ourselves? What more natural than for one gardener so to understand another's tastes and needs that a garden book, a new tool, a new label, a few packets of seed from a foreign land, shall be the first things thought of as Christmas comes again? If I should see a mere hoe-handle that I felt instinctively to be of a new and unusual and very practical type lift itself high from the top of my own stocking on Christmas morning, I should be in an ecstasy of curiosity and pleasure; and as with me, so with all who garden. Therefore a few suggestions for such presents will be in order now.

In a small book of mine, *The Flower Garden Day by Day,* I made a list of books, garden books, as Christmas presents, grouping some of them together under these headings: Books for the Toe of the Stocking, and Princely Books; that is, of course, small and large. I will name here only two or three small and two or three large books which it seems to me would be especially welcome as presents for those whose garden libraries are small.

There is, for example, Dr. Harold Hume's new volume, *Gardening in the Lower South,* a book of the greatest value for gardeners well below the Mason and Dixon line; there is that remarkable monograph by Susan Delano McKelvey, called simply *The Lilac,* but containing between its two covers more than has ever yet been gathered together of

authoritative information on the lilac and with photographs of the most beautiful and useful types throughout the book. Another princely book is the new volume by the Bush Browns, *Portraits of Philadelphia Gardens;* and since such pictures are filled with good suggestions for the best gardens, this book will certainly be a garden help as well as a garden pleasure.

For lesser books, *The Gardener's Bed Book* of Richardson Wright is a charming mixture of wisdom and mischievous fun in the direction of the garden; then the tiny lavender-covered *Pronunciation of Plant Names,* published by the Garden Club of America, and to be had for one dollar from their office—and who does not need such a guide? Another very small book, *The Pocket Gardener,* by H. H. Thomas, is one without which I never travel and which is a true, if minute, encyclopædia of plants. There is also that most charming essay of Vernon Lee's, *In Praise of Old Gardens,* a small thing bound in green—these would be welcome surprises on Christmas-day to any gardener who is worth the name.

What could be more amusing to find thrusting itself from the top of the Christmas stocking on a snowy morning in December—for one always hopes that Christmas-day will be a white day, a day of white and blue beyond the evergreens—than the bright-blue or rose-coloured spout of the so-called parlour

watering-can, a can for the care of house-plants? Or what more interesting than the short, thick green-painted handles of a variety of grass-shears, tried and not found wanting, called Doo-Klip, or those short and stocky clippers for tough plant-stems and for shrub-pruning known as Doo-Klip pruners. Then there is that fascinating hoe—yes, a hoe can be fascinating indeed—with the narrow blade and point, capital for cultivating where rows of little plants are fairly close to each other. Tools make presents of a substantial kind; yet they are things that wake the winter imagination too; for the recipient, just getting up from influenza, perhaps, or on the couch after a bad throat, rises mentally, if not physically, to such things at such a time. They do good like a medicine.

Seeds, of course, give all sorts of colour to the great day.

> Here in their safe and simple house of death,
> Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;
> Here I can blow a garden with my breath,
> And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

The seed of morning-glory Heavenly Blue would make the saddest a little more cheerful, as he or she thinks of what round moons of cobalt-blue flowers this little envelope holds; and who that gets a packet of that wonderful annual spinach for the flower-garden—yes, for that, not for the vegetable rows—

Atriplex hortensis rubra, and who has never seen the marvellous coppery red colour of this plant as it comes toward its seeding time (especially fine when grown near a group of the hardy amaryllis, Hall's amaryllis, (*Lycoris squamigera*), would be without it again in his borders? This seed is to be found at two or three places in this country now, and a most lovely thing it is. The amaryllis is sold only by the root, so far as I know.

Then what nicer than a little bundle of labels for next year's irises, peonies, or zinnias? The wooden ones, ten inch or six inch, with one side painted white, are sold everywhere by seedsmen, and could by pretty wrapping and tying be made to look almost like chocolates for the stocking. Another suggestion for a Christmas gift is an order for a garden magazine, or a cheque for gladiolus bulbs or to be spent only on rare shrubs, such as five of the newer lilacs. How easily a cheque or a little envelope weighted with a gold piece slips down to the toe of a stocking, and what a delight to put it in with the thought "This will make beauty"! Also what a bright moment for the gardener on Christmas morning, if, the world deep in snow, he finds upon his plate or in the chimney-corner this reminder of all that summer holds.

It has for some years been the custom for gladiolus-growers to offer small boxes of these bulbs at Christmas-time. But who thinks of assorting these in nice colour-arrangements, and why should not the

good amateur gardener surprise a friend at Christmas, especially a colour-blind friend, with six fat bulbs of the delicious lavender Captain Boynton and six more of the pale-yellow Golden Measure? Such a gift, planned with knowledge and interest, might start the most careless on better gardening. And with what gardening joy in winter such arranging would be done! Here are some pairs of names of kinds of gladiolus which I have found most beautiful in the garden, and which, if arranged in a sightly box or package, with labels plainly marked, a small typed list in the box giving true colours of each kind, would spread a garden warmth over that whole great day for the right recipient. But you should choose your individual as carefully as you would arrange your bulbs. The names are as follows: Illuminator with Sovereign; Giant Nymph (incidentally, one of the most atrocious names ever given to a flower) with Captain Boynton; Golden Measure with Mrs. F. C. Peters; Desdémone with Schwaben; Herada with Sovereign again; and Salmon Beauty, the lovely primulinus, whose name describes it perfectly, with a packet of seed of deep-violet petunia—Burpee's Blue for choice—these would form combinations welcome to the lover of colour in the garden, starting-points too for delightful pictures, in which annual and perennial flowers should play a large part.

Today people have become so entirely practical

in their gardening ways that some of the rather foolish gifts for gardeners in vogue ten or fifteen years since would be pooh-poohed now. Everyone knows so much. He knows that instead of even a rubber-lined kneeling-pad the soft dark one, extremely small, entirely of rubber, is best and will last, as others will not. He realizes that a pair of well-made heavy garden-gloves will outwear and protect as none of the thinner kinds will do; that no fancy shears need apply to be used in his borders, but only the stoutest and best-tempered steel from a recognized maker. Every one of these things will be welcome on Christmas-day to someone somewhere.

I think this same guiding touch of arrangement might easily be given, too, to a Christmas present of seeds; if the dealer's lists are not issued by December first for the following year, at all events their seeds are all in stock; and it would be easy, while consulting a last year's catalogue, to plan, say, a little border of annuals for the coming year, the colours and heights and positions of the plants to be shown on a small accompanying sketch, perhaps touched up from a convenient box of water-colour paints and tucked neatly into an envelope accompanying the good-looking packet of seeds. Fancy it —a Christmas present from a good gardener to a less-practised one through which, by the expenditure of a dollar or two, and the pleasant work suggested above, may be changed not only the complexion of

Christmas-day, but of every cold or rainy winter day ahead until the spring. For great as are the pleasures of gardening, equally great are those of the imaginings which produce the lovely pictures of form and colour which are our gardens in spring, summer, and autumn.

And who can exist without a garden, without that ever-changing, ever-exciting pleasure that results from the ownership of land and the right sort of work upon it? How often in travelling under a cold and gusty November sky have I gazed at the brown and leafless woods, at those twisted fences of our part of Michigan, old pine stumps set on edge, and wondered how the women in the scattered farm-houses endure the thought of coming winter unless entwined with that are other thoughts of spring, of gardens. And how often have I wished that to every occupant of every house might come a hint of flower-growing and with this the sure gift of an unending interest; for

> Time will bring on summer,
> When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns
> And be as sweet as sharp.

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